

HOW TO OBTAIN A "JOHN BULL" PEN. *See Coupon page 15.*

JOHN BULL

VOL. XXI. No. 571. SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1917. ONE PENNY.
[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY



For meaning of this number see p. iii of cover.

By Appointment to H.M. The King.

It is illegal to make the purchase of other goods a condition of supplying

NESTLÉ'S MILK

and supplies will be withheld from anyone imposing such conditions.

The increased demand for it is such that we have invited the Trade first to consider the normal wants of their regular customers using the milk for infant feeding. It has been so largely used for 50 years as an Infant's complete diet, that it becomes of national importance to

SAVE THE BABIES

We hope to supply Nestlé's Milk to our Trade customers in equal quantity to their corresponding purchases of 1916. The public are therefore invited to buy from their regular supplier in order to assist this method of fair distribution.

Cash Price $11\frac{1}{2}$ d. and $6\frac{1}{2}$ d. Per Tin

Nestlé's, 6-8 Eastcheap, E.C. 3

MORE ABOUT MRS. CAMPBELL



'I simply used my eyes'

THAT'S the whole secret. I went and saw the wonderful choice of furniture they give you at the "Midland"; over £100,000 worth. My own eyes told me how beautifully everything was made; I saw for myself the perfection of finish in every detail of design and construction. And then I had a good long look at the plainly-marked "Midland" prices. I compared them carefully with what I'd seen charged elsewhere; and believe me—

Money buys more at the "Midland."

The more you use your own eyes, the more you rely on your own judgment, the more convinced you will be that it always pays you to furnish at the "Midland." For at the "Midland" you are certain of finding just the furniture you've set your heart on, at prices which give you the utmost possible value for every shilling you spend. You get 10% discount for cash, while the "Midland" Ideal Terms enable you to furnish out of income without paying a penny for credit or any extras whatsoever.

10% discount for Cash.

Midland

Country Orders

Packed free of charge and forwarded carriage paid.

Furnishing Company, Ltd.

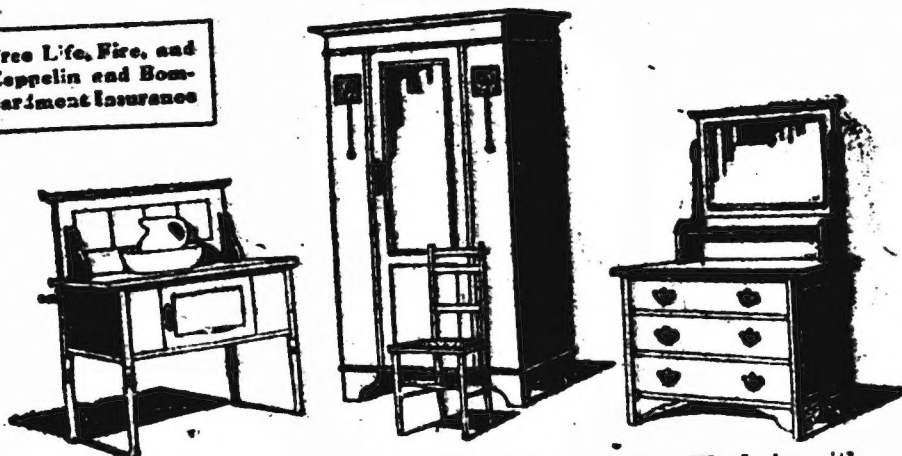
15 to 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, London, W.C.

Hours—9 till 7. Saturdays—9 till 1.
Seven doors from Holborn and Holborn Tube Station,
1 minute from British Museum Tube Station.

Rail Fares Paid

Customers' Fares to town paid on all orders of £20 and over.

Free Life, Fire, and
Zeppelin and Bom-
barment Insurance



Handsome Bedroom Suite in Fumed Oak, comprising Wardrobe with bevelled mirror in door; Dressing Table with bevelled swing mirror and 3 commodious drawers; Washstand with marble top and tiled back, and Chair.

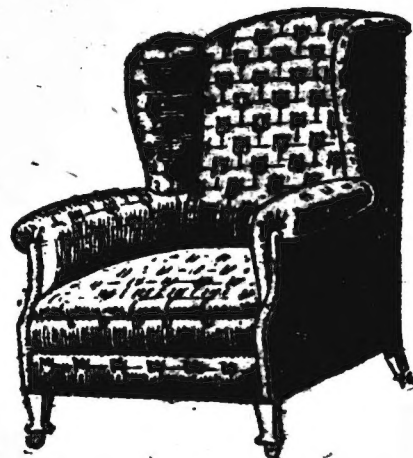
£9 19s. 6d.

Ideal Terms.

(Town or Country)

Worth	Per Month	Worth	Per Month
£10	£0 5 6	£50	£1 7 6
20	0 11 0	100	2 15 0
30	0 16 6	200	5 10 0
40	1 2 0	500	13 15 0

Larger amounts pro rata.

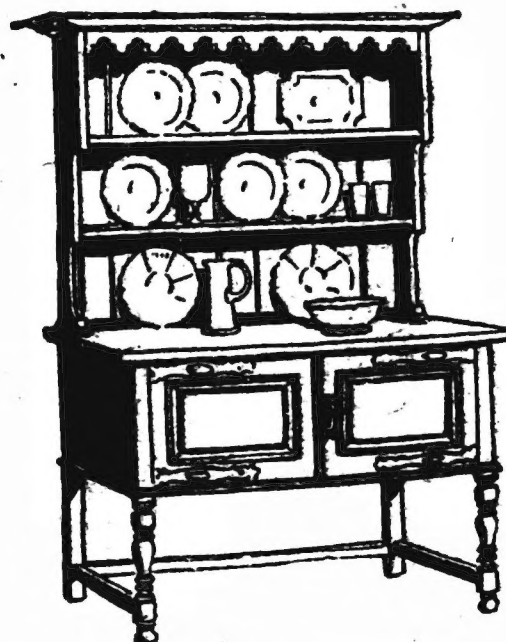


Comfortable Easy Chair, beautifully sprung and upholstered in tapestry to customer's own choice.

£3 18s. 6d.

Write for the "Midland" Book of Furniture.

It is the finest and most comprehensive Guide to Furnishing ever published. It contains over 1,000 photographs actually taken inside the "Midland" Salons. A postcard brings it free.



Soundly constructed Oak Dresser of quaint design, with roomy cupboard in the lower part and oxidised hinges and fittings. Finished in any shade desired.

£5 5s. 0d.



The Picture of Health

HER MOTHER SAYS:—

"I thought you might like to see my little girl's photo. She is just three years old. Since she was a baby of four months I have given her Steedman's Powders; and I always found them not only cooling, but cleansing and refreshing. I used to give them on the same day each week, and if I happened to miss, she was cross and fretful. She cut all her teeth without my knowing, thanks to those priceless powders."

Zambrene

"Triple-Trip'e" proof is the one reliable rubber-less Raincoat.

Officers on Active Service testify that Zambrene "Triple-Trip'e" proof keeps out the rain as no other make will do.

Zambrene "Triple-Trip'e" proofs are guaranteed to be entirely free from any injurious oil or air proof interlining, and are therefore perfectly porous and hygienic.

Obtainable of Outfitters in every Town.



How to
dress
well
econo-
mically

Send your clothes to us to be renovated by our special Tailor Cleaning Process.

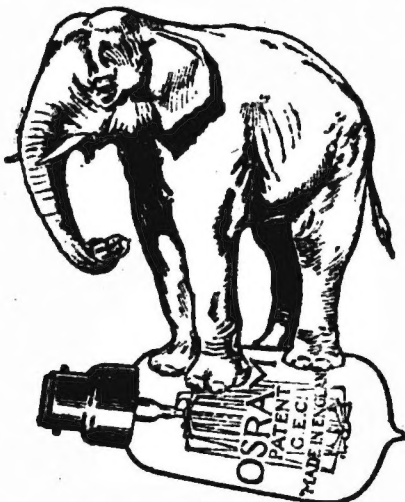
Whatever their condition, we do all that is necessary to make them like new for 3/9 (plus 20 per cent. war increase) per suit or overcoat

BRITISH
Tailoring & Repairing Co.
31 to 33 Great College Street, London, N.W.

'Phone. North 2882 and 2883.
On receipt of Postcard we will collect and deliver from anywhere within 10 miles Charing Cross. Beyond, use parcel post, and we will post back Free.

The British
Tailoring & Repairing Co.,
31-33, Gr. at College Street,
London N.W.

OSRAM FOR STRENGTH



OSRAM
G.E.C.
LAMPS

ARE EXCLUSIVELY THE PRODUCT
OF

BRITISH CAPITAL
BRITISH LABOUR
BRITISH MATERIAL

MADE ONLY AT
HAMMERSMITH, LONDON.



**Baby
Sleeps Well**

Mothers do not always realise how largely teething troubles and those vexatious periods of irritability that rob baby of sound, refreshing sleep are due to faulty dieting.

Frame Food is the best food for growing babies, because, being a *complete* food, it nourishes and strengthens the whole system and supplies in easily assimilated form the natural phosphates of wheat so essential to making sound teeth.

Frame Food Babies are healthy babies. They secure the advantage that comes by regular and restful sleep and enjoy a buoyancy of spirits that makes them doubly lovable.

WRITE FOR SAMPLE
AND BOOKLET.

(Mention this paper.)

FRAME FOOD CO.,
Standon Rd., Southfields, London, S.W.

FRAME FOOD

OLD CALABAR

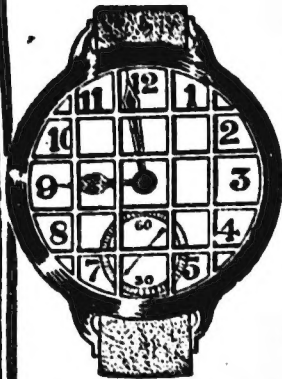
Samples and Booklet free from the Old Calabar Co., Liverpool.

"PECKO" POULTRY MIXTURE

to be given dry during the day.

"LAON"

Scalded and served crumbly moist for the warm evening meal.



**See the time
—all the time**

The Wrist Watch Mesh-Guard gives absolute protection to the watch—yet affords perfect clearness and ease of time reading. No cover to lift. Neat and handsome in appearance—looks and wears like real silver—never rusts.

Easily attached in a few seconds, watch firmly held—gives absolute comfort in wear. Made in one piece, no working parts to break or work loose. Fits any wrist watch.

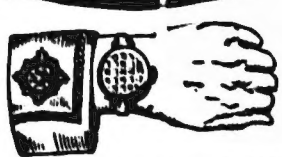
WRIST WATCH

"Mesh-Guard"

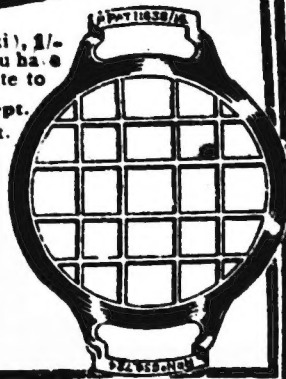
Sold by jewellers everywhere in nickel or khaki, 1/- in Rolled Gold or Hall-marked Silver 2/6. If you have difficulty in obtaining write to

"Mesh-Guard" Advertising Dept.
10-13, New Bridge St.
London, E.C.

THE IMPROVED
"Mesh-Guard"



See that your Mesh-Guard is enclosed in envelope showing officer's cuff trade mark



Z. C2797.

*Why pay taxes on
your clothes—*

CLOTHES sold through a shop carry their share of the cost of expensive show window-dressings, lighting, taxes, etc. Oxendale's sell only direct from their Manchester Warehouse by post, on their one-profit-only price system.

In their big Economy Catalogue (just issued) you will find everything in wearable for every member of the family, at wholesale prices for the single garment. Judge what you can save by the bargain shown here.

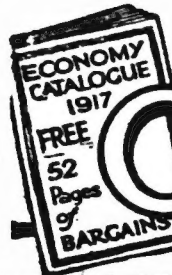
Gardening Coat, Z/C2797.—Specially made for allotment holders and outdoor sports and work. Cut from durable woven material, it is light, cool and fits perfectly. It has three patch pockets and is field grey in colour. Sent post free on receipt of chest measurements at Oxendale's one-profit-only price. **4/6**

Model Blouse, Z/596.—Fashioned from imitation Tussore silk—difficult to distinguish from real silk—on simple but extremely becoming lines. This garment is ideal for general wear and looks to have cost far more than Oxendale's one-profit-only price of **2/11**



Z596.

A copy of the Economy Catalogue is waiting for your name and address. Send it to-day on a postcard. Better still, order one of these bargains NOW.



OXENDALE'S

Granby Row, MANCHESTER

FARROW'S BANK, LTD.

Chairman: Mr. THOMAS FARROW.

Strong Rooms for the safe custody of deeds and other property provided for the use of the Bank's Customers.

Stocks and Shares bought and sold on behalf of customers and the public generally

**EVERY DESCRIPTION
OF JOINT STOCK
BANKING TRANSACTED.**

CURRENT ACCOUNTS.

Accounts can be opened by any responsible person. 2 1/2% interest paid on approved credit balances.

Call or Write for Special Booklet.

All descriptions of Banking Business, including the Collection of Bills, Dividends, Annuities, etc., transacted.

Foreign Money Exchanged and Drafts issued to all parts of the world.

Head Office: **1, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.**

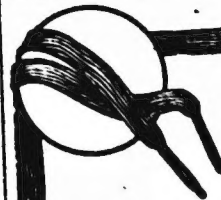
Branches throughout the United Kingdom A. H. & Co.

JOHN QUINTIN LOXDALE.

Who was last heard of at Everson, Washington, U.S.A., in August, 1907, is urgently requested to communicate at once with the undersigned, as his family are anxious to have news of him. Any one giving authentic information whereby the above can be traced will be well rewarded, all information to be sent to—Miss Smith, & Blagg, Solicitors, 128 High St., Portsmouth, England. American and Colonial papers please copy.

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcements appear in JOHN BULL, i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or on first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase money provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase.



SEE THE TAGS! These are the tags that cannot come off and they are fitted to Paton Laces.

Next to the annoyance of a breaking lace is the lace from which the tag has become detached: it's so difficult to get it through the eyelet holes. You are secure from this annoyance if you buy

PATON'S BOOT LACES

for the tags cannot come off. And Paton Laces give longest wear, the smartest appearance and are most comfortable.

Boot Laces for Ladies' and Gents' wear 2d. & 3d. per pair.
Shoe Laces (flat and tabular) do. 3d. do.
Leather Laces do. 4d. & 6d. do.

Your dealer can supply them if you will ask for them by name—Paton's

Wm. PATON Ltd., Johnstone, Scotland



BEACON OILSKINS

Keep you dry all ways. Men's 9d. Children's 6d. Footwear 1d. Long Leggings 2d. Guaranteed against stickiness, leakage or discolouration on money back methods. Illustrated List Post Free. Send Postcard now for this Art Booklet of "Weather Comfort" to HARBOR'S, Ltd., 67 BEACON BUILDINGS, SOUTH SHIELDS.

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:

Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XXI. No. 571.

Week ending Saturday, May 12th, 1917.

One Penny.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—KAISER."

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

Our Sailors' and Soldiers' League.

We are inundated with letters of approval and suggestion in regard to our recent proposal for the formation of this League. The matter is receiving our earnest consideration.

The Army Scandal.

We are waiting for an intimation from the War Office as to the Inquiry which we have demanded into the case of ex-Lieut. Smyth. We have no intention of allowing the matter to rest. In the meantime, on another page will be found further interesting particulars respecting the "great" lady in the case. The story has aroused universal interest, and our post-bag is daily bulging with indignant letters from all parts of the kingdom.

Youthful Follies.

A correspondent calls attention to the fact that he presided at a "No Compensation" meeting on June 9th, 1890—twenty-seven years ago!—"at which the speakers included Horatio Bottomley and David Lloyd George, M.P." How we have come on!

Ireland.

So another attempt is to be made. We have already suggested that Mr. Redmond should throw in Conscription; and now what about giving the Nationalist Parliament a subsidy equal to what the Ulster taxes would produce? Money talks.

The Traitor Princes.

We beg to repeat our weekly questions—What is being done about these fellows; whose is the Hidden Hand?

Good Company.

According to a correspondent to the *Nation*, the German Government makes a point of circulating extracts "from the *Morning Post*, the *Saturday Review*, the *Express*, *JOHN BULL*, and like publications"—to stiffen the moral of the troops! Well, the *Nation* is doing its part with our boys—we don't think!

Keep This.

A hundred years ago the Powers declared that, by breaking the Elba Convention, Bonaparte had "destroyed the only title on which his existence depended; that he had deprived himself of the protection of the law; that there could be neither peace nor truce with him; that he had placed himself without the pale of civil and social relations, and that as an enemy and disturber of the tranquility of the world he has rendered himself liable to public vengeance." We must see that this Resolution is re-affirmed at the Peace Conference—with the substitution of the Kaiser's name.

On Stanley, On!

The Rev. R. Morton Stanley, speaking at Northampton, said he "believed the men would come back more independent. They would not be afraid of JOHN BULL." Plucky chaps.

The Explanation.

Respecting the Hun Corpse Factory, Mr. Dillon expressed in the House his belief that the statement was absolutely false. We can only imagine one justification for such a view, and that is that the information first came from a German paper.

Those Pre-War Relics.

The establishment of a National War Museum is to be undertaken. The Admiralty and War Office will no longer have any excuse for retaining their fine collections of old fossils.

Racing.

There has been a lot of jiggery-pokery going on. First, it was the question of eligible men; then the railways; then petrol—and now it is oats! Yet they are racing in Germany! We are afraid Mr. Kennedy Jones will not find his colours very popular after the war.

The Thin End.

Nobody—and sportsmen least of all—will object to any necessary sacrifice, but we cannot resist the suspicion that, under the guise of war emergency, the spoil-sports, pumpuritans and others are driving the thin end of the wedge well into our social institutions. And they are doing it rather clumsily.

The Difference.

In 1815 Napoleon said, "The British don't know when they are beaten." To-day he would have said, "They don't know when they are winning"!

Cryptic.

Commenting upon our congratulations to the Bishop of Birmingham on his generous pronouncement that an otherwise good fellow who fell in war after jumping over the parapet with an oath on his lips, might still be received in Heaven with the greeting, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant," a Welsh contemporary says: "No one is surprised that JOHN BULL accepts this doctrine; he has always believed that whatever he does himself is right." Try to work that out.

You will be insured Free against every War Risk if you sign Coupon on page iii. of Cover.

Plenty for Germhuns.

We continue to receive reports of tons of potatoes "going daily to supply the Germhun prison camps" in this country. How long is this scandal to last—British families going without while enemy bellies are being filled?

Married Men First.

Why are the Government still combing out from Woolwich married men with families and leaving inside fit single men of military age? "They laugh at us as we go," says one of the victims, after ten years' service. It seems about time that the discharged men tackled the Government from Trafalgar Square.

War Economy, As Advertised.

As a war economist Mrs. Hickman, Bryn Evia, Aberdovey, Wales, seems anxious to attract public attention. "Young Lady Wanted for few months as companion-help (seaside)," she advertises in a Wolverhampton newspaper; "fare paid and 6d. a week pocket money, or would train girl as housemaid, same terms." What about the food ration? Has the girl to provide her own swede-turnips?

The Knock-out Blow.

The gang of sedition-mongers known as the National Labour Press have been heavily fined for publishing the notorious "Knock-out Blow" pamphlet. Well, now they know what it is! In our issue of December 23rd we said, "The National Labour Press ought to be kicked into Germhuns for printing and publishing such leaflets."

Things Said.

Scene: Dover. At the guard of the enemy dead. The Admiral who said we were "fortunate" in saving Boche lives, has sent a wreath, "To a brave and gallant enemy." *Voice:* "The brave and gallant enemy that shelled an open town, captured three men from a barge, and ran away from a fight!" *At the Graveside: The Minister:* "These, our dear, dead, departed brothers." *Voice:* "If sinking the *Lusitania* and hospital ships, jeering at and shooting our drowning men, make these B(oches) our dear, departed brothers, the sooner I get out of this the better, as it makes me nerry!"

The Bishop's Burden.

Without the least reservation, and in all sincerity, we extend our warm sympathy to the Lord Bishop of London, who has been informed by the London Diocesan Finance Board that he "must continue to bear the burden of a nominal official income of £10,000 a year." We are heartily sorry for Dr. Ingram, who, as is well known, would be much more happy and comfortable in a Bethnal Green tenement or a Bloomsbury "third-floor back," than in the spacious grandeur of Fulham Palace. But Bishops have their duties as well as their privileges, and we shall expect his Lordship, without weak repining, to shoulder his "burden" like a man.

A Tale of Mercantile Jack.

The vessel was loaded with explosives. When she was three days off her destination a U-boat attacked her. Her gun was out of action, but she "played away" under heavy fire till that one gun of hers was got going. Her speed was 11 knots; the U-boat could do 15. But she fought a rare, fine, running fight from 7.30 a.m. till 2.40 p.m. All she lost was a lifeboat shattered from the davits; she swam nobly into port otherwise intact. But when she got home her crew were bidden to tie their tongues and say nothing. And so a true tale of British pluck is buried as regards names, and we may not render honour where it is due. Later, perhaps, justice will be done.

Inequality.

Britain claims all fit men up to the age of 41 for the Army. Belgium exempts all married men of 35, if they work on munitions. All discharged British soldiers must be re-examined for the Army. All discharged Belgian soldiers are free, if working on munitions. We know some of our Belgian friends are "touchy," but we feel they will recognise some inequality in this.

Objectionable Companions.

A paragraph in the daily papers, apparently of official origin, is very badly worded. There is "a new Order empowering the War Agricultural Committee" to undertake certain work, which is to be performed by "Conscientious objectors, soldiers, and possibly interned aliens." Apart from the desirability of asking soldiers to work side by side with the creatures named, it was a very loose penman that sandwiched "soldiers" between such rabble. Put the men first; the dogs should follow behind.

Feeling with the Food.

In this country there is a food shortage, but there is never any fool shortage. As an April week-end incident, to make a picture for the Food Controller, 1,000 boxes of mackerel—say, 120,000 fish—were destroyed in Cork. They were consigned to England, but "as the L. and N.W. could not undertake to convey the cargo" they were "dumped into pits and buried." It is abominable to waste food of such special value. Fish is good for the brain, and some of it might have been distributed among the Food Controller's officials.

What a Neck!

A nice young man at Oldham, son of a German, asked the Tribunal for more time, and got off until June 1st. He is a dresser of sausage-skins, and actually appealed because he had "some cases of skins to get ready for Germany." "What! for Germany?" asked the astonished Military Representative. "Yes, sir; after the war." And the Military Representative observed, "I think he has a 'neck'! I should send him at once." But, as recorded above, the complacent Tribunal kindly extended his time in civil life, to prepare those sausage skins—for Germany.

Mischief Mongers.

A cardboard tract, with the imprint of Crowther and Co., London, deserves the attention of the authorities, for its distribution can do no good. It consists entirely of a selection of pacifist statements, such as these:—"Love your enemies. Bless them that Curse you. Blessed are the Peacemakers. If thine Enemy hunger, Feed him. We ought to obey God rather than Men." Such sentiments are mischievous in times like these, being specially designed to encourage skunks in their cowardice. The marrowless worms compiling and circulating the things should be brought up with a jerk.

Mrs. Nosy-Parker.

We have our doubts about "Welfare Ladies" doing Nosy Parker business by official appointment in munition factories. Here is part of a document circulated by a "Welfare" woman in Liverpool:—"To all female examiners. It has come to my notice that some of the examiners in this area waste a good deal of time in going to and coming from the Lavatories. This is particularly to be regretted . . . where, through the courtesy of the management, a Lavatory has been set aside for their use." A lavatory is a matter of necessity, scarcely of courtesy, and the "Welfare Superintendent" need not "waste a good deal" of her time in clocking girls to and fro. It is meddling in a very nasty form.

Had your's yet? If not—don't delay. "John Bull" Pen Coupon is on page 15.

25, Single, and Exempt.

Conditional exemption was granted to the son of Mr. Chancellor, M.P. He is 25, single, and described as Works Manager and Chemist at his father's paint, enamel and varnish factory. The M.P. had been unable to find a substitute. When married men of 41, fathers of families, have to go and leave—and lose—their all, the exemption of this single fellow of 25 seems totally indefensible.

Dunstable Medical Board.

A wounded soldier who had served through Mons, the Marne, the Aisne, to Hill 60 and Ypres, tells us that at Dunstable he was rushed through so quickly with other men that neither he nor they had time to strip. "The doctor passed us along without even a glance, putting us in another category with a mere 'Next, please!'" Once and for all, the War Council ought to put an end to this wicked and fatuous foolery.

The Same Old Game.

Every new Department invented by a resourceful Government feels itself bound to copy all the bad old methods. The Register of Business Names sent out from Russell Square a printed memo. to a gentleman, returning his form to be "completed or rectified," as follows:—"Please insert Postal District in space 10." The memo is printed on large quarto paper, was posted in a large envelope, and it enclosed another large envelope for the "completed or rectified" form. All that the business man required was to add "5" to the postal direction, "S.E." Now, why could not some clerk have filled in the figure without all that worry?

Inexcusable Proceedings.

Some further explanation seems necessary of the action of the Wealdstone Overseers in issuing a rate-summons against Captain Bluett, of the Royal Army Medical Corps, a doctor formerly in practice at Harrow. It was obviously impossible to "serve" the summons, Captain Bluett being at the front, where he has won high distinction for gallant conduct; and, in all the circumstances, it was most regrettable that police-court proceedings should have been instituted. Perhaps the Overseers will explain.

Very Black.

Cardiff has been asking three or four of its school teachers to resign. One of them, a female, is a pretty specimen of humanity. "The Lord Mayor stated that at the private inquiry Miss Black entirely convicted herself. She justified the sinking of the *Lusitania* and the murder of Miss Cavell. And she went further. She agreed with the sinking of hospital ships. In fact, every sentiment she expressed was absolutely pro-German." Miss Black seems to be rather akin to Miss Whieldon, a teacher lately resident at Derby. But imagine "asking her to resign." At the risk of being rude to a lady, for once, we should move her more expeditiously.

"Oh, Master Porter!"

Young Porter is 18 now; he is the son of a Guardian at Derby. But he became an Object when at school, and only 13. Taking any animal life is his bugbear (if we may mention those two creatures in conjunction while discussing him). Porter will eat no cheese, because it contains rennet; also, we may add, it contains mites, the chewing whereof he would assuredly eschew. He washes himself with vegetable soap, but is in doubt about his boots, not knowing if they are leather or *papier mâché*. However, the footling piffle of an ignorant boy was successful, and he was sent for "non-combatant" service on a farm. What will he do when farmer kills a pig, or when missus wrings a fowl's neck?

Why Not a Woman's Parliament?

Does this suggestion interest you? If so, read our article on the subject in the *Royal Magazine* for May.

"Bullets" Big Offer.

This week we are increasing the First Prize in our popular "Bullets" Competition to £500. Over 5,000 other prizes will also be awarded. Avail yourself of this splendid Whitsun offer.

Bully for the Butcher.

Our compliments to a butcher of Gainsborough. He was selling meat at Morton when a "lady" came to buy shin of beef. "Cut away that fat," she desired him, "because my dog doesn't like it." Said the butcher, "There are children in these streets who hardly get one bit of meat in the week. If you want to buy meat for your dog—I won't sell you any." There was nothing doing in the shin of beef line for the dog that day, thanks to a good butcher—and no thanks at all to a "lady" not yet awake to the nation's needs.

Nailed to the Counter.

In view of the unjustifiable apprehension which exists among a certain section of the people, it cannot be made too clear that the many precautions taken in the manufacture—which are too elaborate to detail here—render it quite impossible that Swiss chocolate or condensed milk can be interfered with by the Huns. In such times as these wild rumours gain currency, and we therefore think it necessary to publish this refutation of an absurd *canard* which the most superficial examination of the facts would disprove.

Nurses' Courage.

Nursing sisters are grieved at being banished from hospital ships because of the submarine danger. They object to the wounded being left to the care of male nurses, untrained and inexperienced. And they claim their right to share the perils of the soldier: it is their duty to be by him in his hour of need, and they resent their exclusion. The thing they hate most is that people should think them "afraid." All the authorities need do is to ask nursing sisters to *volunteer* for service on hospital ships. The response would cause yet another ukase to be torn up for very shame.

Why This?

At 3.30 a.m. a few days ago P.C. Stride, of Boscombe, found a man asleep on a seat in Sea Road. He awoke him and, finding he had "no money and nowhere to go," gathered him in for lodging in the open air without visible means of subsistence. An Army Discharge was subsequently found on him, and "prisoner told the Magistrates he had been discharged from the Army after serving four months in France." He had lost the sight of one eye. Strange that in these patriotic days such a man should be in this galley. Something must be the matter with the man, or something the matter with the country. Which is it?

The Galloping Colonel.

Colonel W. F. Badgley, of Devizes, is one of those soldier-slanderers of whom there are too many. He writes, "Everywhere are cackling women enticing soldiers . . . The fault of the soldiers, no doubt! . . . But these women . . . their only inducements are filthy lust and filthy lucre . . . a few will end in the canal, a few will be tried for infanticide: the rest will cast on the towns a herd of nameless children." The ungallant Colonel has even worse things to write than that, but we need not repeat his nauseous slanders. His is an abortive attempt to revive a disproved allegation—but, all the same, clean soldiers and decent girls are entitled to protection from so wicked a pen.

£500 Whitsun Gift is waiting for YOU. See page 20.

STAR CHAMBERS IN THE ARMY.

JUSTICE IS THE INHERENT RIGHT OF EVERY MAN BORN OF WOMAN.

BY A. G. HALES.

WE have an Army, millions strong, drawn from every class of society, fighting and willing to go on fighting for the liberties of mankind; but whilst our married men are perilling their lives and enduring hardships unutterable for the freedom of the human race, they are in very grave danger of losing their own—unless my very extensive letter-bag sadly distorts the truth, which I do not believe to be the case. It does not seem reasonable to me to suppose that large numbers of men and women in all parts of the Kingdom and of all grades of society, who are utter strangers to me, should consider it worth while to concoct fictitious stories merely for the purpose of misleading a public writer. It seems in my judgment to be far more reasonable to suppose that there exists a very serious grievance in the public mind, and one which embodies a grave menace to our liberties as a people. If this latter surmise is right, the injustice must be swept away and the wrongs righted. The soldiers cannot do this for themselves; when men are once in uniform they become part of a vast machine, and are individually powerless—the only hope for the soldier lies in a free and fearless Press and in the force of public opinion outside the army.

The Gist of the Injustice.

It is claimed that it is a habit in the British Army to try soldiers, and sometimes officers as well, without giving them a chance to defend themselves. When this happens, the so-called Court-Martial becomes a mockery of Justice and a travesty of all the principles of fair play. My letter-bag tells me of soldiers who have fought gallantly and have sustained honourable wounds in the country's service, charged with the awful crime of "back-answering" a sergeant in barracks—not on the battle-field, but here in England—who have been refused the right to explain to the Court the conduct and language of the sergeant which led to the breach of discipline. I am told of two men—who had served their country splendidly in the field, and "joined up" to render still further service—who are now rotting in an English prison, to which they were sentenced for twelve months for a back-answer which, they state, the Court would not let them explain or attempt to justify—or, as my informant puts it, "They were not allowed to say a word in self-defence." I was not present at that Court-Martial, and cannot say of my own knowledge what did take place, but if the facts are as stated—and I have heard of many such cases—then, Defence of the Realm Act or no Act, things are rotten in our military administration. It is the right of every man—soldier, sailor, or civilian—beneath the British Flag to speak in self-defence. It is not the right of any Court to try a man and bid him hold his tongue at the trial; nor do I think that seasoned officers of military experience would be guilty of such conduct, except in rare cases where they were martinets and fools—there have been such. The generality of Courts in which such treatment is meted out to accused soldiers would, I think, be composed of little jumped up Jacks-in-office, new to power—and very, very often so new to drill and Army Regulations that they are practically dependent upon their non-coms' help to save them from making exhibitions of themselves on parade. Half-fledged officers of this kind are at the mercy of subordinates; the manufacture of officers out of unfit material is one of the many curses of petticoat influence. That a great and an increasing evil exists in our Army, I am convinced; and I am also convinced that once the public mind is awake to the fact that our soldiers run the risk of being

unjustly turned into convicts, the clamour for immediate reform will arise and beat against the doors of officialdom like an irresistible sea.

The Remedy for Injustice.

Mr. Lloyd George, when he was climbing to political eminence, found no better topic upon which to display his fervid oration than "Justice for the People." With that battle-cry he won his way to greatness; now that he is in power, now when he is Prime Minister, is the moment for him to show if there was marrow in the bone of his speeches. If not, what were his speeches worth? Here is his golden opportunity to prove by deeds that the words of his mouth were not idle wind. He has the ability and *he has the power*; let him make good—or, as our new Allies would phrase it, "Let him deliver the goods." Let him, with one stroke of his pen, do away now and for ever with Star Chamber methods—let him pitch upon the scrap-heap the mad, bad old principle of secret Courts-Martial. Let every trial be open to the public and the Press, for nothing kills injustice like publicity; no officer or body of officers would dare to curtail a soldier's right of self-defence in the presence of Press representatives, for they are the watch-dogs of the nation, and the nation owes them an incalculable debt of gratitude. Truth and justice never fear the light; he who has nothing to hide does not fear publicity. But, on the other hand, the petty tyrant, the licensed bully and the robber of other men's rights, clamour always for the closed door and the secret evidence. But we will permit no hushing up which may transform unrighteously a gallant soldier of many wounds into a convict. I know that I shall be charged with assailing the privileges of the Army Council. I plead guilty to that charge, for I dispute the justice of the privilege when it is applied to nearly six million civilians, turned soldiers for a glorious cause.

The Bad Old Days.

What were termed the good old-days for the few were the bad old days for the many, and we want no more of them. We are looking towards the dawn of better and brighter things, after this war of sacrifice and suffering; but we will not get a sweet and wholesome dawn if we allow the spirit of the secret tribunal, with all its devilish injustices, to creep in and take root. It is my plea before the bar of Public Opinion in this case, that our civilian soldiers did not abrogate or discard their civil rights when they became soldiers, and one of the most sacred rights of manhood is the right of full and fair trial. It is a right for which our forebears struggled for generations in civil life, and we should have a revolution swift and sure if it was infringed to-day to any serious extent. Shall we, therefore, sit tamely by because *we* are safe, and permit better men than ourselves—men who gave up all at the call of country—to be tricked out of that very thing which we so rightly prize? We are not worthy of all that has been suffered for us if we do. The extreme militarists in our midst will argue that we cannot have open trials for soldiers and Press reports of the hearing, for fear in certain particular cases of giving away information to the enemy. My reply is that in such cases the Courts would have the same power as Judges in civilian Courts have—of hearing evidence in camera when absolutely necessary. The Press would see to it that this privilege was not abused. As for the loss of dignity to Army officials that might be brought about by open trials, I say: "A fig for such dignity; nine-tenths of it is bunkum, and the rest ignorance and red tape!" If we are not prepared to see that Tommy gets a fair trial in every case, then before God I don't know what we *are* fighting for!

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.

To His Majesty King George V., Buckingham Palace.

DEAR KING,—Your Majesty's Proclamation to the nation to economise in all grain foods comes at the psychological moment. The people know that what comes from you as a precept will be honoured by you in example. They will listen to the Throne when they are deaf to the professional patriot; they will heed the King when they scorn the peripatetic politician. And there is one phrase of Your Majesty's appeal which ought to touch the heart of the most gluttonous food-hog and the conscience of the most selfish food-grabber; I mean that exhortation and charge to "the men and women of Our realm who have the means of procuring articles of food other than wheaten corn, as they tender their own immediate interests, and feel for the wants of others, especially to practise the greatest economy and frugality." The King does well to remind the rich of their duty; the King's Government will do even better to see that they perform it. The war will not be lost by gluttony or waste or over-indulgence of the common people—be assured of that, Sir; it will be won by their sharing in full—yes, in overflowing measure, the self-denial which henceforth, I hope, will be the lot of all. Your Majesty, God Save the King!

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. A. Bonar Law, M.P., Chancellor of the Exchequer.

DEAR CHANCELLOR,—It may fairly be said of your Budget that it is a safe and cautious measure, but at that point I am afraid I have exhausted such complimentary epithets as may justly be employed. For, truth to tell, your financial proposals reveal not a grain of initiative, not a spark of imagination, not a single original conception. All that you have really done is to say "Ditto to McKenna"—only a little "more so" here and there. And not a single word about Premium Bonds! Oh, Law!

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. H. H. Asquith, M.P.

DEAR MR. ASQUITH,—Although you proclaim your reluctance to "go back upon the past," I fancy you are just a little too prone to turn from the pages of contemporary history to the events of yesterday; and, as your friend, I am inclined to suggest that you should leave the virtues and vices of your late administration to be finally adjudged when the war is over, and the victory won. In that great "audit" I hope to take a hand, and I certainly shall not permit the extent of your own services to be hidden from the judgment of the nation. But, for the present, all personal issues are dwarfed by the imperious challenge of arms. Forgive my candour.

JOHN BULL.

To General Johannes Smuts.

DEAR GENERAL,—If I single you out from among the members of the Imperial War Conference for a word of greeting upon the conclusion of your labours, it is because you stand in a peculiar relation to the Empire you have so loyally served. Once an honourable and gallant foe, you are now a faithful friend, and there is a special fitness in your active participation in the great fight for Liberty that enlists the sympathies of all free peoples. I wish that means could be found to associate you still more closely with British military effort; for, if there is anything in a name, you should make things black for the Germans, and your prowess in the field is beyond dispute.

JOHN BULL.

To Ivan Hippisley, Esq., Clare Hall, Stoneaston, Bath.

SIR,—According to an advertisement, you require a groom-gardener who must be ineligible. That stipulation at first inclined me in your favour. But my incipient approval was scattered to the four winds of heaven when I read this astounding proviso: "No discharged soldier." Why not, sir? Why deny any right to toil for you to a man who has fought and bled for you? Whatever may be your likes or dislikes, you have no right to parade that insult to good and worthy men. Should you, sir, secure the groom-gardener you deserve, your horses, I hope, will founder and your garden go to weed.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Sir Edward Carson, K.C., M.P., First Lord of the Admiralty.

DEAR SIR EDWARD,—Your statements upon naval affairs are by no means reassuring, and I am afraid you have taken insufficient account of public anxiety in regard to the submarine campaign. Meanwhile, all sorts of disturbing rumours are afloat which—while they may exceed the facts in certain particulars—have, as I well know, a sinister basis of truth. On the whole, my advice would be that you should practise a little more candour towards Parliament and the people, while scouring the world for the inventive talent that may prove a match for the devilish ingenuity of the Hun. At any rate, let us know the truth.

JOHN BULL.

To His Worship the Mayor of Brighton.

YOUR WORSHIP,—According to a lady who writes to me from London-by-the-Sea, there stands daily in Western Road "a destitute, helpless woman of 98." She waits for hours as if she were a living corpse—a mockery to old age and humanity. Mother of 17 children, is she to stand like this for two years or more to attain an unenviable century? She gets her pension, of course, but that is soon gone with lodging and necessities. A few ladies help her in passing, but Brighton surely can do something less cruel for her than to leave her at such an age to such casual charity. Don't you think this is just one of those cases in which the generous hand of Mr. Mayor may be brought into action? I do. I have no personal knowledge of the case, but, as stated, I commend it to local inquiry and your personal interest.

JOHN BULL.

To Major Frederick Guest, M.P., Chief Government Whip.

DEAR "FREDDIE,"—I have no doubt you will make an excellent "Whipper-in" for the Liberal wing of the Coalition, but I cannot quite understand why you should have been relieved from military duties to "count noses" in the House of Commons. I was not aware that Party Politics was a "certified" occupation, or even if it were that you were among the "indispensables" of the trade. I did know, however, that you were a useful and experienced Staff Officer, "mentioned in dispatches" (plus the D.S.O. which I am sure you thoroughly deserved) and with an excellent record of service to your credit. Anything wrong with your health?

JOHN BULL.

To the Manager, Electric Picture Palace, High Street, Deptford.

SIR,—After the dreadfully distressing and fatal scenes at your hall, when, on a Saturday afternoon, four dear little children were done to death through panic, it is surprising indeed to learn that the premises were again open for "business" on the same Saturday evening. The show was still showing, despite the visit of Death, and the touter was still busy outside, shouting "The Light that Failed!" Common decency should have suggested the closing of the hall, at least for the remainder of that terrible day.

JOHN BULL.

To the Most Rev. Randall Thomas Davidson, D.D., Primate of All England.

MY LORD ARCHBISHOP,—I have no complaint to make against your Grace's dictum that "the Christian judgment of England is that we should come out of this war with clean hands"; I do complain against the assumption running through your homiletic discourse that in our aerial reprisal on the Germhun town of Friburg we have done something for which we should put ourselves in sackcloth and ashes and bow our heads in shame. There is a limit to the endurance of devilish barbarity; there is a limit when human nature, even Christian human nature, is forced back on the elementary necessities of self-preservation. That limit is assuredly reached when this Germhun people, grinning like gargoyles at every fresh weapon they forge in the white-hot furnaces of Hell, leave us no instrument to turn against them save the one which they themselves are using in glee against us. The Germhun does not like his own physis, your Grace. It is apparently the only thing which transforms his grin and his glee to a squeal and a squirm. And, Christianity or not, I propose that we go on administering it to him.

JOHN BULL.

THE WOMAN IN THE CASE.

MRS. FRANCES CAMPBELL AND HER "ELIXIR OF LIFE" FRAUD.

WHILE we are awaiting the decision of the Army Council to order an Inquiry into the case of ex-Lt. St. John Smyth and the circumstances under which he was deprived of a Commission in His Majesty's Army, it is desirable to trace further the record and character of one of the chief influences in this miscarriage of justice. We scarcely need say that we mean Mrs. Frances Campbell, otherwise Madame de Merlin or Mrs. Merlin. We have already shown from the nature of the threatening letters written to Smyth's sisters in Jamaica something of the methods of this lady, and when we come to deal further with her part in the undoing of the ex-Lieutenant we shall have a good bit to say concerning her conduct at the two nursing homes she visited at Bournemouth, of the trouble she caused, and of the outrageous claim made for the alleged expense of "twilight sleep" for her daughter Phyllis, Mrs. St. John Smyth. But Mrs. Campbell's history prior to the hasty marriage of her daughter and the heartless abandonment of the child of the union, is not without interest in its bearings on her reputation and methods. It reveals her as indulging in at least one gross fraud upon foolish and unsuspecting dupes, and the records of the High Court proclaim her as a litigious adventuress of a particularly unscrupulous type.

£100 for the "Elixir of Life."

Let us proceed to lift the veil from this sordid story. In 1911, Mrs. Campbell induced the gullible W. T. Stead to boost in the most shameless way an "Elixir of Life" which the woman declared she had discovered somewhere in the wilds of Syria—a herbal decoction, sold at £100 for a year's treatment, which the late Editor of the *Review of Reviews* told the public had been secured by Mrs. Merlin in "a remote and barbarous region from which alone the ingredients of El Zair can be procured." In order to bring this boon to humanity—to quote Mrs. Merlin, "it can be used as a pick-me-up, as a stimulant, as a health giver, as a beautifier"—she had suffered untold hardships. This is Stead's description of them:

In peril by sea, in peril by land, rescued as by a miracle from drowning one time, at another hurled with such violence down a stairway as to fracture her ribs, and again attached by a subtle influence which threatened to destroy her sight, Mrs. Merlin, as she prefers to be called, has nevertheless triumphed over all the elements and magic spells, and is once more in London with a fresh store of El Zair to prolong the life, and what is more important, to restore the joy of life to those whose energies have begun to weaken before the attack of advancing years.

That preposterous rot appeared in the *Review of Reviews* for December, 1911. In the following June the High Court was occupied for seven days with an action brought by Mrs. Campbell against the Prince Line for the loss of her left eye, caused through ptomaine poisoning alleged to be the result of eating bad meat when on a voyage in the Mediterranean in July and August, 1911. It will be noted that the "subtle influence" which threatened her sight had achieved its fell purpose. But you can't recover damages from those who control the "elements and magic spells." And so ptomaine poisoning was advanced. We need hardly say that in the end the lies and concoctions of this woman availed nothing before a British jury. She lost her case, and an action for libel brought against her by the commander of the vessel, the *Carib Prince*, was settled, Mrs. Campbell withdrawing all the allegations so falsely made against Captain Quelch. In the course of the trial Sir F. E., then Mr., Smith made short work of the inventions of the woman whose

cruel persecution of ex-Lt. Smyth has conducted to the present scandal. According to Mrs. Merlin's own published statement, this "magic brew"—the profits of which she shared, we believe, with Stead—was so wonderful in its effect (it could even restore the sight) that the "body invariably attains a condition of perfect health," remaining in a state of "youthful health indefinitely." The process lasts a year or fourteen months, according to age. Its action begins instantly." But although Stead trumpeted forth this fraudulent nonsense in his journal, the most tremendous mystery was made of her visit to Syria until Counsel put a few pertinent questions to the impostor in the course of the trial. What was everybody's secret in December, 1911, was kept from the Court in 1912. But, instead, a preposterous tale was concocted—Mr. Smith gave it a plainer description; he called it a lie and "a cock-and-bull story"—of Mrs. Campbell having voyaged to Mersyn, under sealed orders from Stead, to receive a secret package. She met "the person" at Mersyn, on the Syrian Coast, "at the corner of the 'Street of the Bootmakers.'" "Bookmakers or bootmakers?" was "F. E.'s" facetious query—you see, he knew this woman—and the Court laughed uproariously. But liars should at least be picturesquely plausible, and when it was stated in Court that it was by the merest accident that the *Carib Prince* went to Mersyn (it was not in the itinerary), the flimsy falsehood of a special and dangerous assignation "at the corner of the 'Street of the Bootmakers'" fell with a humiliating crash. This woman declared she had lost on the voyage a case containing a tiara, and claimed for it; yet according to Capt. Quelch on oath, he had seen the contents of the case and "there was no tiara amongst them."

Manifold Activities.

But an adventuress must not be too particular, and whether she is making lying statements in Court, foisting on fools with £100 to spare a palpable fraud, or using improperly-gained military information to help to ruin the life of a young officer from Jamaica (her own daughter's husband), the methods are not very dissimilar. This El Zair fraud succeeded better than her attempt to extort from the Prince Line compensation for her lost eyesight, or we trust than will her cruel and calculated efforts to bring misery and unhappiness to ex-Lieut. Smyth and his family. According to Stead, her companion or dupe in the fraud, she experienced a series of adventures in securing the magic-working herb "which almost suggest the theory that there is some mysterious spell placing dangerous obstacles in the way of any Western who attempts to obtain possession of it." But in the Court Mrs. Campbell (the alias "de Merlin" was not, of course, mentioned) confined her troubles to cockroaches, ill-cooked and bad meat, a dirty bath room and decomposing quails, and even that catalogue of "dangerous obstacles" was disproved by the evidence. In spite of sight impaired by "mysterious influence" or ptomaine poisoning, Mrs. Campbell-Merlin had a good eye still for business. And Stead played up in a shameless way. Said he, "Having endured so much in the quest for the elixir, she is now more chary than ever of imparting El Zair to those who are not worthy of the boon." But the price remained £100 "for a year's treatment," although only "the elect of the race" would be allowed to pay for it. With such a record against her name, no one need be surprised at the part she played in the case of ex-Lieutenant Smyth, or that she was party to concealing material facts relating to her daughter Phyllis. With that we shall deal further next week.

A DERELICT ESTATE.

AMAZING RECORD OF AN OXFORDSHIRE LANDLORD.

Not long ago we ventured to rebuke Mr. Henry Brigham Douglas Vanderstegen for the scandalous neglect of his large estate at Kidmore, near Reading. It seems to be the hobby of this eccentric gentleman to get himself fined; at any rate, he has a remarkable record of convictions by the Caversham Bench, of which he was formerly a member, as well as by the Reading Magistrates—the imposts ranging from as little as 5s. to as much as £3 and costs. Apart from the conviction for “allowing the carcase of a horse to remain unburied,” to which we drew attention at the time, there have been at least five offences against the Locomotives Act, three cases of “allowing pigs to stray upon the highway,” and two convictions for employing children under age, to say nothing of disputes with servants, failing to trim hedges, and other breaches of the Highways Act. There was also a case of cruelty to a horse, entailing upon Mr. Vanderstegen a fine of 40s. and 42s. costs—as well as a fine of £3 and costs for endeavouring to avoid payment to the Borough of Reading of the sum of 2s. 6d., the fee charged for a traction engine passing through the town. These convictions total no fewer than eighteen! Upon the whole, it is evident that Mr. Vanderstegen has devoted much perverted effort to the evasion of his public obligations, and we again suggest that the time has come when the authorities should exert decisive pressure to induce him to cultivate his estate, and, generally, to discharge his duties as a decent landlord should.

DEPARTMENTAL FOLLY.

SCURVY TREATMENT OF AN EX-SOLDIER.

On the assumption that there is a serious shortage of labour in the farming industry, it is hard to account for such experiences as that of a former Second-lieutenant in the Yorkshire and Lancashire Regiment—who, having been discharged from the Army in December last unfit for further military duty, applied to the National Service Department for employment of the kind to which he had previously been accustomed, viz., poultry farming. In due course he was interviewed by an official of the Department of Food Production, and it was arranged that he should be appointed as poultry-keeper at the Patrington Colony for Disabled Soldiers, near Hull, at a salary of £2 a week, with a cottage rent free. Although he had made no secret of his age, he was, on arriving there, informed that he was “too young for the job,” and that he “had better return to London.” From every standpoint this treatment was grossly unfair. The initial arrangement with the authorities amounted to a definite contract, on the strength of which the man had given up his home. Moreover, despite statements that farm workers of all kinds are urgently needed, the Board have not yet offered employment! What does it all mean?

FEEDING THE FAMINE.

AMAZING DECLARATIONS OF RELIGIOUS LEADERS.

It is not surprising that the gracious “dispensation” of the Archbishop of Canterbury permitting amateur agriculturists to dig their allotments on Sunday mornings should have excited the frenzy of the faithful. Dissenting parsons are naturally disinclined to bow to the Archbishop's ruling in a matter of this kind, while even within the Established Church there is a wide divergence of opinion. In a number of parish magazines—those rich mines of unconscious humour—the question is discussed with an abundance of heat, if with little light; and should common-sense prevail against ecclesiastical bigotry, it will not be without a struggle. A fair example of the windy rubbish talked and written on this prevalent theme is furnished by the Rev. W. Bardin, of St. Silas Church, Toxteth, who regards the digging of garden plots on Sunday mornings as “one of the most awful and saddest signs of the times.” He is prudently concerned lest “God should blow upon the profit we hope to gain by thus infringing His laws,” and he fears that if we continue to “fly in the face of God” we may be visited with a national calamity of the first degree. Other ministers have attained even wilder flights of wrathful rhetoric; and all because at a moment of severe national emergency a few city dwellers have determined to put their scanty leisure to practical use in averting the peril of famine, and ensuring a plentiful food supply for their families. Here and there, religious bodies have taken corporate action. The Free Church Presbytery of Inverary has placed on record “its grief and apprehension at the introduction of timber-felling on the Sabbath day,” but to this commonplace resolution an amazing rider is added—the Presbytery solemnly declaring their conviction that “such a policy as is apparently systematically pursued by the British Government is directly responsible for the prolongation of this terrible war.” This manifesto is surely worthy of the darkest ages of religious intolerance and bigotry. Yet its terms are endorsed and amplified by the Northern Presbytery of the Free Presbyterian Church of Scotland, which, in petitioning the Prime Minister against Sunday labour, declares itself “satisfied that if God's laws had been honoured throughout Europe, this war would never have devastated the world as it is doing.” Meanwhile, the Nonconformists, not to be outdone, protest in various forms against the Sunday cultivation of land, the Bangor Free Church Council regretting that “the Government should call upon the people to devote part of Sunday to the raising of food, while they refrain from putting an end to the liquor traffic.” Such incidents are chiefly remarkable as illustrating the immense gulf that divides the professional religionist from the man-in-the-street, whose chief concern at the moment is for the defence of the country and the redemption of humanity from the menace of the Hun. Happily, we can win the war without the parson, whose record of patriotic service—with a few brilliant exceptions—shines none too bright.

“JOHN BULL'S” WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY THE “BOW-WOW.”



-GEORGE R. PUTS THE DRAG ON-

The loathly beast of waste and gorge
Is fiercely tackled by King George,
Who knows, if we would win the day,
This is the dragon we must slay.



THE (BONAR) LAW & THE PROFITS.

The greedy cornerer of freight
At last is “nobbled,” though too late;
Now, when with godless gain he drips,
The Government acquire his ships!



-ANOTHER PUZZLER... WHY?-

Of Tino's tricks we're growing tired,
And think it time that he was “fired.”
How long are the Allies to be
The dupes of his duplicity?

NERVES, when the sun is shining and the lads at the front are fighting with light hearts and exalted courage! Really, I am ashamed of some of our talkers and writers. Anyone would think that the British Empire was under its baptism of fire, that the British race had never before been "up against" things, that this little island of ours—the centre and soul of the greatest family of States the world has ever known—had lost its grit and grip. Shame on you, croakers and grumblers; and a double shame on any man or woman who, knowing the truth, does not act up to the spirit of the crisis! I know the truth, and I say quite candidly that there is nothing to grouse about. Need for action against the submarine? Oh, yes. Imperative necessity for the strictest of strict food-rationing? Again, yes. "Do it now, Devonport!" was my cry and my injunction weeks ago. Well, it is not done yet. And I need scarcely say I am amazed at the laggard ways at the Ministry of Food, and disgusted with all the talk while there is so little done. But I am not going to waste my time on recrimination. Really, it is not very edifying to find the Prime Minister and the ex-Prime Minister indulging in jibes at each other. We know who is to blame. All the Old Gang, and half the New, are responsible for the position in which we now find ourselves. We could have had this country smiling to-day under its millions of acres of wheat—great granaries might at this moment be loaded with comfortable stores of foodstuffs—if those political dolts who put Party before patriotism and risked our Empire's fortunes rather than abate a jot of their economic foolery, had really served the nation whose money they pocketed and forgotten their antagonisms in preparation for the great struggle. They all knew it was coming. Under the stress of stern facts, and the revealing light of great emergencies, those who held power through the years of menacing preparation are now confessing that Germany's purpose and aim were well known. Yet these men, who formed His Majesty's Government, were so bent on scoring partizan victories and strengthening their hold on office that they were deliberately blind to the truth and, what is more, kept the light from the eyes of the British people.

In the Face of Danger.

But to-day we are face to face with something stern enough and perilous enough to stifle all strife at home, and big enough to dwarf into insignificance all thoughts of recrimination. In the past, the politician betrayed us by his wilful refusal to face the facts; let us see that he does not betray us now by his indifference to the future. And the future I am thinking of is not Posterity—that lusty infant can look after itself. It is our immediate future that is in my mind. I am not particularly struck with that sort of patriotism which pretends to fight for our children's children and sings hymns to the century after this. We are in this world, to live *our* lives, to protect *our* women and *our* children. Posterity won't care tuppence what happened in 1917. It will be just history. But *we* care. We *are* 1917, and this war is rioting to its close. We have only to keep steady, tighten our belts, and be worthy of ourselves, and before the year is near its end we shall have won through, in spite of all the hideous mistakes of the fools and duds of Downing

LOOK OUT FOR WATCH THE MIDDLE EAST—KEEP

By THE EDITOR

Street. It is the British people, not the politicians, who must now take things in hand. We can do it, because the fight is now at home just as much as it is in France and Belgium, in Salonika and in Mesopotamia. It is you and me—every man, woman and child—who are called upon to defeat the "U"-boat. Don't let us waste time in denouncing the wicked German. He is a fiend incarnate—that is certain. He is a blood-lusting devil, and in his desperation—for he is desperate—he is sticking at nothing.

Who Will Starve First?

Well, that is the position. Let us face it. The submarine is sinking our food ships and sending other valuable cargoes to the bottom of the sea in hundreds of thousands of tons every week. The wise men of Whitehall hide the truth—a dangerous as well as a ridiculous proceeding. If we had had real live men—not bloodless politicians with soft hearts for Neutrals; and soft hands, yes, for Germany—in the early months our blockade would have starved the Hun. But we were deceived; our cause—the world's cause—was betrayed. Germany was given time—the Foreign Office refused to allow the Navy to grip at the throat of the Hun—time to turn the tables upon us. And to-day we are engaged in a starving match—the struggle has resolved itself into a battle of the stomachs. But Germany will lose—that is, if we at home will it so. I know what I am saying. I don't need a Secret Session to obtain my information. If we are anxious about our food—and we have every cause to be concerned—Germany has passed the point of anxiety. She *now* knows that she cannot carry on until the harvest. Her ruthlessness on sea and on land is the measure of her desperation. Foiled in the West, held up and now menaced in a new way in the Middle East, the Central Powers are making their last and final struggle. If Hindenburg could gain a success in the West—if by the bloody sacrifices he is making over that long, swaying line of men and metal, he could checkmate Haig or hold up Nivelle—then the end he foresees—his crushing defeat; the doom of German militarism—would at least be deferred. Meanwhile, the U-boat is making great and destructive progress. That is part of the enemy's fighting plan. Failing a victory on land, he is gambling for a success on the sea. But he can only win it if we, the people at home, permit him to win. We can stop him. Nearly every ship he sinks—and he is sinking them in alarming numbers—means so much less food for us, so much the greater need to eat as little as possible to counteract the losses. Those losses will continue; the Hun thinks he can starve us out. And he could if we were false to ourselves. But while there are food-hogs in our midst, and because the Government has concealed the truth and so failed to impress every man and woman with the danger that faces us, we must be made to economise. That is why, knowing the position,

A SURPRISE!

KEEP STEADY—THE DAY IS OURS.

EDITOR.

my "Do it Now, Devonport," was written. "Now" might have been March; it is going to be July. Four months lost—and how much food wasted!

Germany's Parlous State.

One of the most famous trainers of athletes always tells his men that in a contest of strength they cannot expect to win without being willing to "punish" themselves. When a man is in a race and feels ready to drop, let him be sure that the other fellow is feeling a good deal worse. Well, we are facing difficulties, but Germany is in them. She is short of metal; she is unable to meet our great gun-fire with equal strength of artillery. She is short of food to the point of starvation. There are no bread riots in this country—and there need be none. Germany is in a ferment over food—in her big cities trouble is constant; there is rioting and firing on the people. Docile as the Hun has proved himself, slow to realise the miserable failure of Prussianism, quick to believe the lies manufactured for his deception, he is now learning the truth. Defeat is bad enough, but defeat on an empty stomach is unbearable. And the *moral* of Germany is deeply shaken. The boiling down of the unhappy dead is less a sign of efficiency than of deficiency. The desecration of the remains of men who have bled and died for the Fatherland is another act of desperation. Contrast Germany's internal position to-day with our own, and understand there is not the smallest ground for panic or alarm. Reason, I repeat, for the utmost care and economy, pressing necessity to save everywhere in foodstuffs. But no occasion for nerves. Keep steady! And look on the best side; realise the wonderful resources at our command; measure at its true value the vast material assistance that America can give us—in food-ships, in money, in munitions, in men if need be. Then look to the West—and to the East. The battle is stern, the losses are big—the West is exacting its dread toll. But we are winning. Those who talked and wrote so unfairly and so foolishly about the wonderful Hindenburg and his masterly tactics—who dared to suggest that while we were advancing the German was winning; that, indeed, the British Army was the mere tool and dupe of the Prussian—must now for ever hold their peace. Haig's fresh and renewed successes are the answer of the guns to the belittlers of British prowess, the traducers of Tommy's pluck.

Coming Great Events.

With all necessary caution I would hint at another success which may even put into the shade the immediate military value of the smashing, if toilful, triumph in the West. *Keep your eyes on the Middle East.* There we may have a great and splendid surprise at any moment. It may come before these words of mine are read by you; it may be delayed a little while. But its advent should alter the whole course of the war. Nations are stronger than rulers; Peoples prevail

over kings and thrones. The soul of a country, be it steeped in culture or only rudely pure, is above the dictates of personal ambitions, is greater than the designs of politicians. Things are happening—a great event is drawing to its accomplishment, which, unless something unexpected interposes, will strike fresh terror into Germany, and offer a new and relentless menace to the

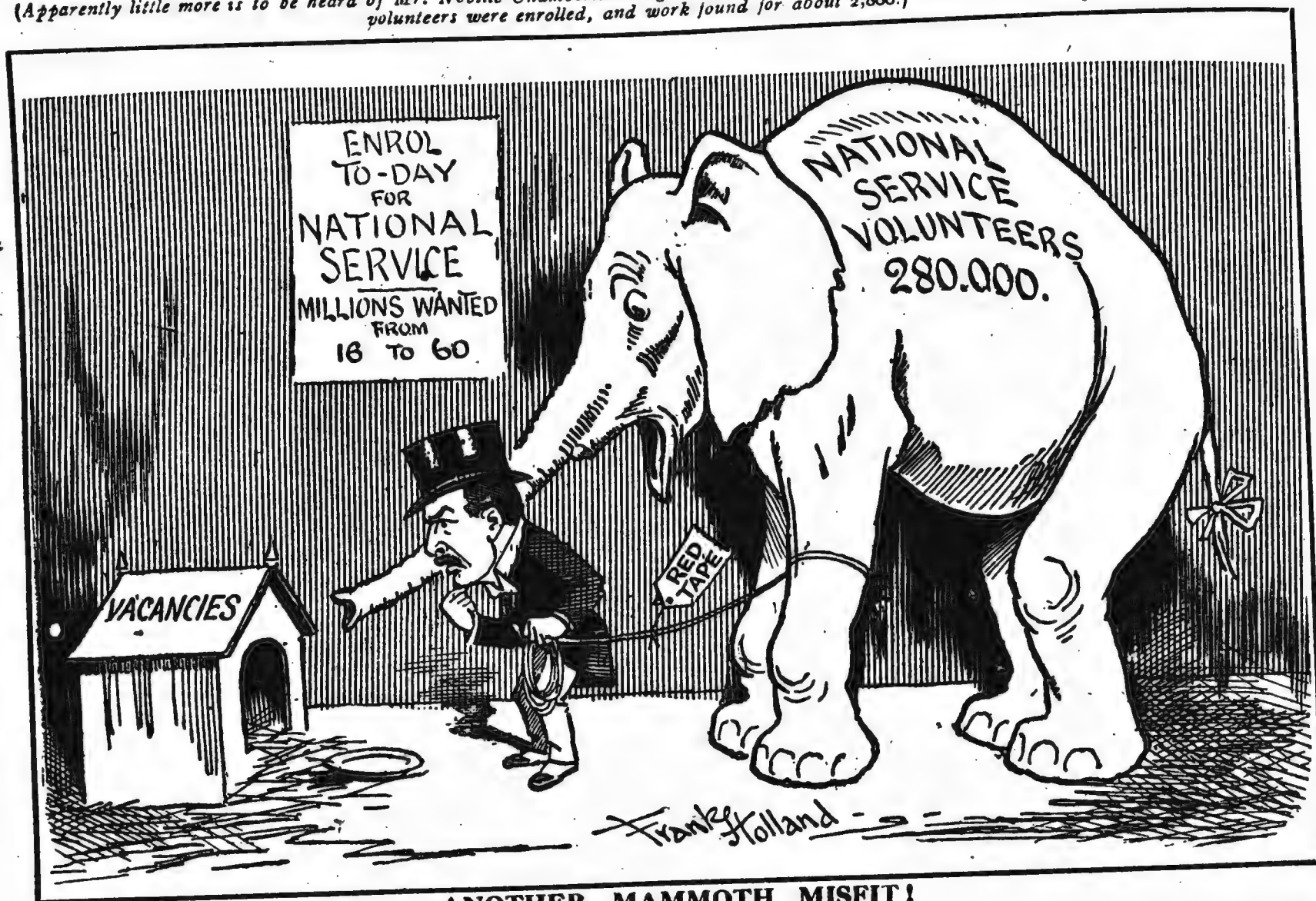
"Hindenburg Line." News from the Middle East is meagre these days—almost as small and bare as that which is allowed to escape from the cordon-drawn silences of Germany. But no news may be taken as good news. Do not think that the grass is allowed to grow under the feet of our soldiers around Salonika. We went there in association with our Allies. It is not always possible to measure the value of military decisions by immediate results. Enough is now known to make it certain that Greece would have been drawn along the paths of treachery if Tino had been permitted to obey the dictates of his false heart. Some day the truth will be told. And the world will be ashamed at the hesitation and delays in dealing with that Royal traitor—due to the pro-German influences which have dogged the fortunes of the Allies, enfeebled their decision, and sacrificed their interests. But now, I do believe, Tino—the sycophant of Potsdam—is powerless for harm; his German wife useless as the willing and scheming tool of her brother the Kaiser.

Three Months More.

Pending events will prove or disprove my information and my belief—in a little while it will be known whether the startling news which I predict is to quicken the hour of victory and make straighter and surer the path to our final triumph. But of this I am sure—that the warm sun of success is shining down on the Allies. To-day, when apparently so much is dark and depressing, is the time for confidence as strong and assured as the need for determination is great and paramount. We who cannot fight with the ordinary weapons of war can join in the struggle and help towards its rapid end. Three months more and the decision will have been made—the great verdict will have been given. Germany cannot hold out—we can. Germany is in want and desperation. Her soldiers are fighting in massed array; they are being sacrificed with merciless disregard for human life. Our losses are heavy—mournfully heavy—but they are slight compared with the awful toll of German dead. Never before have I felt so keenly the responsibility of those whose duty it is to guide and to hearten the national mind and spirit. Let Ministers conceal nothing, misrepresent nothing. They need not fear telling the truth. But in informing the people of *our* position, they must tell all they know about the condition of the enemy—all that is happening in Austria, in Bulgaria, in Greece. Secret sessions are an abomination. They tell to the men who have ceased to represent the nation what the nation should know; they merely satisfy the curiosity of politicians, many of whom are suspect, while denying to those who are bearing the heat and burden of the day the news that would either stiffen resolve or hearten hopes. A great Empire is not maintained by craven souls. We as a People are worthy of our inheritance, and worthy of the victory which is now within our grasp.

CHAMBERLAIN'S WHITE ELEPHANT.

(Apparently little more is to be heard of Mr. Neville Chamberlain's grotesque National Service Scheme, under which over 280,000 volunteers were enrolled, and work found for about 2,800.)



ANOTHER MAMMOTH MISFIT!

OBJECTS IN CLOVER.

CUSHY BILLETS FOR CONSCIENTIOUS COWARDS.

It has been officially admitted that a number of Conscientious Objects are employed by the National Health Insurance Commission in their offices in Maida Vale—indeed, at the present moment a further batch is in training at the Chelsea Workhouse to take the places of patriotic women, hitherto engaged upon Health Insurance work. However, the scandal has not been allowed to develop without protest, and, in at least one instance, a responsible official has been dismissed from his employment for refusing to work in "objectionable" company. The story is an interesting one. Engaged temporarily as an examiner at the Maida Vale Depot, an experienced Civil Servant found that he was required to supervise the work of Conscientious Objectors, although at the outset of his employment he had been assured that he would not be brought into contact with men of this type. "I had previously learnt," he explains, "that these men had come from a neighbouring workhouse, displacing women who had come to the aid of the Department in an emergency, but I never dreamt I should be associated with their work." So it proved, however, and in reply to a spirited remonstrance, the disgusted examiner was invited to resign. A few days later, the matter was carried further in a letter from the Insurance Commissioners, discharging him from his employment, without reason assigned, while in a subsequent communication it was stated that he had "refused to undertake certain necessary work"—a most unfair and misleading suggestion. Meanwhile, remonstrances to the Chairman of the National Health Insurance Commission and to the National Service Department have failed to bring about a reversal of the policy which employs Conscientious Objects upon "kid-glove" jobs, while better men than they are spending every ounce of their strength in the loyal service of the nation.

ANOTHER GRAMOPHONE SWINDLE.

THIRTY-FIVE SHILLINGS' WORTH FOR SEVEN GUINEAS.

Mr. H. Belmont, of 3, Aubert Park, Highbury Park, N., is a dealer in "second-hand" gramophones—and in "terminological inexactitudes" of a bright and lurid hue. A recent episode fairly illustrates Mr. Belmont's methods of business. A young Army Officer, home on sick leave, replied to Belmont's advertisement, thinking that a few lively gramophone tunes might beguile the tedium of his enforced leisure. Next day, Belmont rolled up in a swagger motor-car, bringing with him a machine of imposing "cabinet" pattern, which he declared to be constructed of "inlaid mahogany," and warranted as tuneful as a nest of song-birds in May. Of course, the instrument was to be sold at a ridiculous sacrifice—the price, a paltry seven guineas for a perfect gem of music and delight, originally costing 35 guineas. The bargain struck and the money paid, Belmont hurried away, explaining that he was to be "called up" next day and had further business to transact, the lieutenant being left with the gramophone, resplendent in its "mahogany" casing. It was a most handsome machine, but it wouldn't "go." It declined to warble a note or to vent a single syllable of sound. On the "sound box" of the dumb instrument appeared the name of the "City Gramophone Cabinet Company"—a concern whose offices cannot be traced. A West End music warehouseman has since declared that the gramophone is worth about 35s., and that on an average he has "one of them a week to mend." One or two newspapers have for years past been inserting advertisements offering from the Aubert Park address these so-called second-hand machines as the property of private sellers. The deception being so obvious, it is surprising this stigma upon the reputation of their columns has so long been permitted. Beware of Belmont on the bounce!

THE CASH-GIFT TEA DODGE.**MORE LIGHT UPON A DARK SUBJECT.**

Unfortunately, very many of our readers have fallen victims to the plausible trick of promising cash gifts to poor people who buy tea every week at about 1s. per lb. above the market price. The dodge seems to be exploited in every large town, by "companies" bearing different names. One of them was deliberately challenged that it printed fictitious addresses of persons alleged to have received the "gift." To this they merely sent the cool reply, "We are bound to advise you to purchase your tea elsewhere if you think you can get better value for your money." That disappointed customer had taken the tea for nearly nine years! The lying part of the scheme is perpetrated by the canvassers, who promise all sorts of wonderful things, while the companies pretend to protect themselves by printing that they are not responsible for any statements made by canvassers. Here is a specimen of the devices adopted:—"I had an old lady call at my door a month before the New Year; she said, 'My word, you are lucky this morning! You are the first door I have called at; I only want your name, and if you take 2 lbs. of tea four times you will get a cash gift of £2, which will come in handy for the New Year.'" Well, the New Year has "come in," but the cash gift has failed to materialise. The same tale is repeated everywhere; anxious women are paying through the nose for unwanted tea, because they are promised a cash gift they will never get.

THE LATEST COMMANDMENT.**"THOU SHALT NOT WORK AT ALL."**

It is not often that a man of 57 wishes himself older, but this is the state of mind of an East London reader, who, while lately out of employment, could have obtained several jobs "if only he had been 61." Not long ago our friend put his name down under the National Service scheme, and was in due course ordered to report himself at the local Labour Exchange. He was then told to "go home and wait till he was sent for," and in the meantime forbidden to accept any employment except in a Controlled Establishment—of which in his case the chances were small. Weeks passed, however, and no summons was received from the National Service authorities, the volunteer being all the time unemployed by the direct orders of the Department. We understand, however, that this wasteful and stupid arrangement has now been modified, the applicant being permitted to accept such temporary work as he can find, on the distinct understanding that he must leave at a moment's notice, if his services should be required elsewhere. This stipulation, however, debars him from practically all work other than casual—even that he cannot get. In the meantime, he has lost several opportunities of employment, useful not merely to himself but to the State; he is fit for any kind of light labour—and, being particularly active, might even have made shift to work for a few weeks on the land. Up to the present, however, no call has come from the National Service Department.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"CAMBRIA DAILY LEADER" (advertisement):—

"Wanted, Smart Workman, AGED 80, and EXEMPT FROM MILITARY SERVICE. . . . A JOB FOR LIFE for careful man."

"THE EMPIRE":—

"Billeting Munition Workers: Dr. Addison . . . said at Barrow the sleeping accommodation was so over-crowded that WOMEN HAD TO GO TO BED IN SHIFTS."

LEICESTERSHIRE HORSE REPOSITORY (Catalogue of Sale, April 28th):—

"BROWN GELDING, bred in France, and good winner, had a FOAL last year."

"DAILY MAIL":—

"We gussed at Grosvenor House and SOME STEPS IN THIS DIRECTION MAY BE EXPECTED IF THE DEMANDS OF RETAILERS BECOME MORE RAPACIOUS."

"WATFORD POST AND ECHO":—

"A QUICK Sale: A London auctioneer disposed of 160 lots of grocery stock and fixtures . . . in LESS THAN TWO MONTHS."

"THE PEOPLE":—

"Several agriculturists, applying for exemption for WARM servants, were asked whether they had applied to the authorities for assistance."

HERE'S HEALTH AND VITALITY!**Freedom from Indigestion and Constipation.**

Are you worn out? Depressed, faded, yellow-complexioned, a prey to Indigestion and Constipation? If so, I can give you back your health and vitality. A dose of Dr. Young's Tablets will relieve you immediately, and if you continue them for a while and at the same time carry out the simple, easy exercises I give in my booklet, "My System," you soon will be entirely cured—bright-eyed, clear-skinned, energetic and forceful—absolutely free from any symptom of Indigestion, Constipation, Dyspepsia, or kindred trouble. Send 6d. for a sample of Dr. Young's Tablets and the famous Dr. Young Booklet. "My System," will be sent free of charge by the Dr. Young Co., Ltd. (Dept. J.B. 10), Sun Buildings, Leeds.

DR. YOUNG'S TABLETS**BEST BRITISH BICYCLES.**

Write now for my Lists of Bicycle Bicycles. — PREMIERS, HUMBERS, CENTAURS, SWIFTS, TRIUMPHS, ROVERS, RAGLANS, COURT ROYALS, &c. The cream of the Coventry makes from 25 cash (Maker's price £10 10s.) Easy payments to suit your own pocket. 30 days' approval. Money saving lists and expert advice free from **GEORGE KING, The Great Cycle Dealer, COVENTRY.**

**CORK LINO****Comfort—Elegance—Durability.**

Catesbys Cork Lino is noted for its beautiful appearance, extreme durability, and perfect comfort. Anyone can afford it. It is moderate in price, and we allow a discount of 2/- in the £ for cash, or you may purchase on Easy Terms. Write for free Patterns and Prices.

CATESBYS LTD.,

Dept. 19, Tottenham Court Road, London, W. 1.

**The Fighting Spirit**

and the Will to do things that count, depend entirely upon the state of your health. Good Blood and Good Health are partners. Keep the Blood pure—have every organ working perfectly—and you will experience the joy of life "packed to the brim and running over."

Choccoloids, the Cure for Constipation, will prove a boon to all who suffer from constipation and the consequent headaches, loss of appetite, depression, etc. They do not gripe or bind—are certain in effect, but not drastic.

Choccoloids**The Cure for Constipation**

Price 2/6 per box of 60 Tablets, usually sufficient to cure the most obstinate case. Sample Box 1/3, containing 24 Tablets. Obtainable from all Chemists or Stores, or post free from the makers.



Send a Lin to the Front. Choccoloids take the place of natural laxatives (vegetables, etc.), and are much appreciated.

The Choccoloid Co., Dept. B, Sturcheley Laboratories, Birmingham. No chem. Ltd.

RHEUMATISM.**The Secret of a Simple Cure.**

Are you a walking Barometer—have you pains that shift from joint to joint at every change of the weather—are you subject to occasional recurring catching pains—if so, you are suffering from an excess of Uric Acid and should cure the trouble at once. You can now easily do this yourself at home.

You may not have heard of the almost magical specific that will do this. It is called Curicones—the latest scientific discovery.

Write to-day for a free home-trial package and a copy of the little book "The Story of a Rheumatic Cure." It gives away the secret of this remarkable preparation, and has already been the means of curing thousands of cases of Rheumatism—Lumbago—Sciatica—Neuritis—Gout—and is the only preparation, as far as we know, which relieves and cures

RHEUMATOID-ARTHRITIS.

Don't delay—it costs you nothing—waiting won't cure you. Send for the trial package. Curicones give prompt relief and will cure you. The book will tell you why Curicones are so effective from the first dose. You can relieve **FREE** your pains immediately, reduce swellings, and make life a pleasure once more. Repeated tests prove that it is equally efficacious for simple occasional Rheumatism as for long chronic cases where all other means have failed. Send no money—just forward your name and address—postcard will do, to Stephen Matthews and Co., Ltd. (Dept. W6), 19-21, Farringdon-street, London, E.C.—[A 27]

Efficiency on Land & Sea.

Why We Are Winning.

The great lesson of the war is that we must be more efficient. Both on land and on sea it is the efficient who are coming on top. The sea is a great school of efficiency. The men who are doing the best work in the Navy are those who have made themselves super-efficient. It is just the same in the Army. Our Army is a super-efficient Army. The officers are efficient. The men are efficient. That is why we are winning. That is why Victory is coming soon.

Back Up the Boys at the Front.

In business life it should be the same. The men and women at home must back up the boys at the front. We must all become more efficient. We must be more efficient in the office, in the factory, in the workshop. We are all doing our bit, but we must all do that bit better. We must be more efficient in our professions, our businesses, our trades, our occupations. Then not only will we benefit ourselves financially, but Old England will forge ahead, a league in front of her nearest competitors.

The Secret of Scientific Training.

How can we become more efficient? There is only one answer. By Training. That is the way to make our brains work better, with more efficiency and less waste effort. Physical training makes your muscles grow. Mind-training makes your brain grow. It develops your intellectual powers. And it develops them in a practical way.

6,000 Officers and Men Doing It.

That is what the soldier is doing in order to make himself more efficient. That is what the sailor is doing also. Over 6,000 officers and men at the present time are training their minds on scientific lines. This figure includes 20 Generals, 101 Colonels, 163 Majors, 405 Army Captains, 981 Army Lieutenants, 3 Admirals, and 187 Naval Lieutenants. The Mind and Memory Training System they are following is directed through the post by the famous Pelman Institute. The results are marvellous. The mind is developed in every direction. It becomes more alert, more resourceful, more decisive. Those who train their minds on this plan become more efficient in their respective lines of life. They secure quick promotion. They overcome obstacles easily. They win their way to success.

A Gallant Mine Sweeper.

Here is the case of a gallant Mine-sweeper. What a life is his? Dangers surround him on every side. Judgment, Decision, Foresight, Courage, an absolute command of his Mind, Concentration, Resourcefulness, are demanded of him every moment. For such as he the qualities developed by the Pelman System are priceless. One writes as follows: "My name appeared in the New Year Honours List as commended for service during mine-sweeping operations, which I think reflects great credit on the Pelman System."

Two Naval Officers.

Here is another letter from a Naval officer: "I have been on numerous ships, big liners, small tramps, fishing vessels and cruisers, but Pelman has always accompanied me, a help, guide and instructor in everything that came along. I am astounded by the marvellous possibilities of the System, and I am indeed repaid 100 per cent. by my investment in the course." And besides developing the

best qualities of the Mind, the Pelman System acts as a rousing tonic, too. It awakens you to a full realisation of the great powers lying latent in your mind, and it bids you go ahead. Says a Naval Captain: "My brother officers remark that I have come out of my shell, and I am feeling more competent and fit for work than ever."

A Voice from the Army.

And here speaks a voice from the Army—one of many. (You will hear of others in the pages of "Brain-Power," a sixpenny magazine just published, which will be sent you gratis and post free on sending a post-card to the address printed below.) "I shall never regret having taken this course," writes a Lance-Corporal. "I regard it as the best investment I have ever made. The alteration in my working capacity has been agreeably surprising. Moreover, I have this week been recommended for Commissioned rank. I shall always recommend Pelman, for I am delighted with the results."

Incomes Doubled and Trebled.

And in Business, Industry and the Professions, it is just the same. Hundreds of examples could be quoted of "Incomes Doubled," "Business Increased," and "Promotion Secured," as the result of training the mind on this simple scientific plan. "I have a grip on business matters that I did not possess before," writes an Accountant. "I have doubled my business," adds a Shopkeeper. "My turnover has beaten all records," writes a Manager. "I have doubled my salary," says a Clerk. "I have added £80 to my commission account," writes a Salesman. "I have gained a rise of £145 per annum," says another Salesman. "The Pelman Course is the best investment I ever made," writes a Railway Electrician. Full particulars will be found in "Brain-Power." Write for a free copy of this remarkable magazine to-day.

Develops Winning Qualities.

Why does this system produce such valuable, practical results? Because it cures all mental defects and develops instead such splendid, achieving qualities as Concentration, Observation, Perception, Will-Power, Decision, Judgment, Initiative, Originality, Resourcefulness, Self-Control, Self-Confidence, Tact, Organising Ability, Salesmanship, Directive Ability, Reasoning Power, Debating Power, and, above all, a Never-Forgetting Memory. These qualities are invaluable to everyone. With them you can mount to any height. The Pelman system develops them. Get "Brain-Power" and read all about it.

6d. Magazine Free to Readers.

Yet the Pelman Course is quite easy to follow. It takes up very little time. It is exceedingly interesting. You can follow it anywhere. It is directed through the post. And to-day you have the opportunity of enrolling for it at a reduction of one-third on the usual cost. "Brain-Power" will tell you all about it. This is one of the most interesting magazines ever published. Its contents will astonish you. It is crammed with valuable information, and by simply sending a post-card to-day to the Editor of "Brain-Power," The Pelman Institute, 15, Wenham House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C., a copy of this 32-page magazine will be sent you gratis and post-free with full information showing you how to double your efficiency and earning-power, and secure swift promotion to a higher position in life. Write for this free magazine to-day.

Overseas readers should address 46, Market Street, MELBOURNE; 15, Toronto Street, TORONTO; or Club Arcade, DURBAN.

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

SIR EDWARD CARSON.

Lookin' a bit down in the mouth this mornin', sir. Worried? Well, I des-say you are, sir. . . . 'Avin' a very anxious time? 'Eavy responsibilities? Sure. You can't expect to run a job like yores without, can you, sir? Shavin'? Yes-sir. . . . You find runnin' the Navy is a bit different to cros-examin' a tremblin' witness for the other side, I dessay. The on'y thing the 'Uns unnerstand is blows. W'en the Germans read yore message to the Mayor of Margit, sayin' you was goin' to leave yore son at school there, and intended spendin' a week-end there now an' then, I reckon—they smiled—an' organized that larst little raid on Ramsgit as a sorter reply. W'en a 'ard 'itter and a bitter fighter like you took over the Admiralty I thort we should see somethink. I s'pose there ain't no doubt that Zeebrugge is the base for the raiders? . . . Then w'y on earth ain't it smashed up? . . . Oh, I know bombardment from the sea ain't practicable, not even with them monitors, wot we don't 'ear much of nowadays. But wot's the matter with bombin' Zeebrugge from the air? . . . Yes, yes; I know it 'as bin done now an' then. But it seems ter me that w'en we've smashed the place up a bit we lay low fur a w'ile an' give the Boches time to repair the damage. Give the dirty dogs no rest, an' make the place too 'ot to 'old 'em. If their destroyers 'ad to come farther they wouldn't git orf so easy. Bombin' Zeebrugge oughter be a standin' dish on the daily war menu. Every young airman's first job arter gittin' 'is wings oughter be to drop bombs on Zeebrugge. Give the blighters no rest. We should be shore to 'it somethink now an' then. If we must 'ave a civilian at the 'ead of the Navy I'd as soon 'ave you as ennybody. . . . Wot, you're more or less in the 'ands of Sir Graham Greene? Never 'eard of 'im. 'Oo is 'e? . . . Eh? The Permanent Secretary to the Admiralty? 'Ow dare 'e be permanent? Ah, 'e sits on the Board of Admiralty? 'Ow do you mean, "sits" on it? . . . Oh, I see—'e 'as a seat on it. This is news ter me. I shell 'ave to look into it. P'raps you wouldn't mind recommendin' 'im to give me a turn w'en 'e wants a shave, Sir Edward. I should like a word or two with him. Now, on the quiet, sir, before you go—wot was Mr. Lloyd George up to at the Admiralty the other day? Did 'e come to wake you up a bit, or wot? . . . Orf right, sir, orf right. If you mustn't let on, I s'pose you mustn't. Well, goo'-day, sir. Much erbliged.

THE EIGHTY CLUB.

(A PÆAN OF THE PARTY POLITICIAN.)

OPENING CHORUS OF MEMBERS:—

Once more we foregather,
All bursting with blather,
*The same as we used to of old,
While warfare is raging,
Attention engaging,
Our plans we'll proceed to unfold,
Whereby, when 'tis over,
We hope to recover
Our power, apparently wrecked.
Then here's to the Eighty Club!
Of the Liberal Party the hub,
Whose spokes radiate
To the rim of the State,
And give it the safety of Chubb!

Mr. ASQUITH (solus):—

Friends, we are living in disturbing times,
When "Party" tactics are denounced
as crimes,
When politicians, filled with "Party"
zeal,
Fear to declare, in public, what they feel.
This war, which we omitted to foresee,
Has played a dirty trick on you and me—
Has given our foes occasion to blas-
pheme,
And hindered much whereof we used
to dream.
(When I say "foes," I do not mean the
Huns,
But those much nearer home—you
know the ones.)
Our Party has been most severely
trounced,—
Its leaders censured, its neglect de-
nounced,
Because, forsooth, we thought of "Party"
first,
And failed to sense the war that on us
burst!
In consequence (let each say what he
thinks)
Throughout the land the name of
Liberal stinks.
But worse remains behind; where
people meet,
In theatres, clubs, exchanges, in the
street,
There grows a sentiment which we
should dread,
For it spells death to "Party," should
it spread.
But let not pessimistic fears prevail;
The council of despair doth nought avail.
Ours be the task (though damnable
our fix)
To succour dying "Party" politics;
Now let us in deep secrecy consult,
Assured beforehand of a good result.

CHORUS OF MEMBERS:

If we once more would hold the reins
We must refurbish up our brains,
Revive old Shibboleths, and thump
the tub,
And prove us worthy of the Eighty Club!
W. M.

NOBLE'S

This serviceable suit is an example of the wonderful quality offered by Noble's. The value given is unbeatable. Noble's prices are manufacturers' prices.

SMART SUIT
from 19/6

The "Rugby" Suit for boys from 10 to 15 years of age, is a smart "rig-out," consists of Coat with fashionable long lapel, ordinary Vest, and Knickerbockers with band and buttons.
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The man with an ill-regulated system is continually worrying about his health—he is afraid to eat this, because it gives him a headache; that, because it causes pain; he tosses about half the night longing for sleep or daylight—he doesn't care which comes first. And yet it is so easy to keep well; the regular use of Page Woodcock's Pills has brought joy and lasting comfort to many thousands for over sixty years. Indigestion, flatulence, constipation, wind in the stomach, and all disorders of the digestive organs become nothing but a memory to those who keep Page Woodcock's Pills in the house and take them whenever they feel that the stomach, bowels, liver, or kidneys are becoming clogged or overworked. Page Woodcock's Pills are of pure vegetable origin, contain no noxious drugs, are not sold as a panacea for all complaints, and are Nature's own gentle correctives made up in handy form. Of all Chemists and Stores, in boxes 1s. 3d. and 3s.—[ADVT.]

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By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2s. 9d. and twopenny stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull" any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. Thus, you may send 18 coupons, and P.O. for 1s. 9d. only and 2d. stamps for postage.

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(May 12, 1917.)

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TOMMY AND JACK.

OUR PLEDGE: "No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean chicanery, shall go unattended and unrectified."—Heratio Bottomley, 19th August, 1916.

A Savage Sentence.

Lieut. G. A. Sinclair Hill, Acting Adjutant, 4th Squadron, R.F.C., signed the following order: "— was this day awarded by the Commanding Officer, 7 days' confinement to camp and deprived of 4 days' pay for the following offence:—When on active service, late falling-in for a C.O.'s parade, from 6.45 a.m. to 6.48 a.m." Three minutes! Will the Army Council sanction this fiendish sentence?

Bilking the Boys.

Many lads about 16 years of age joined the Army, were sent out to France, and were discharged in consequence of their wounds. They naturally ask for the "services rendered" silver badge, but are told that it cannot be granted—although they fought and suffered, they are not entitled to it as they were not of military age. We have seen the official replies and we appeal to the Army Council to do away with this bureaucratic iniquity.

Why?

We should like to know why the majority of the men of the 2-4 Norfolks are being brought into debt. The men themselves are quite in the dark. There is too much of this kind of thing in the Army, and it is quite time it was abolished.

From Merry Meerut.

The boys of the 14th King's Hussars, at Meerut, who have been returned from Mesopotamia on account of wounds or sickness, ask us why they should be called out to go through a course of recruits' training. We fancy the only answer that can be given is that somebody wants to keep in safe employment—certain warrant officers and non-commissioned officers, who have never been on active service, preferring to cling to "cushy" jobs.

Catterick Once More.

We would repeat that Catterick, in Yorkshire, is a God-forsaken camp. Some of the big-wigs there wish to muzzle John Bull. The other day we were approached by a man who had a letter from a Colonel at the camp, asserting that we are wrong, as it is a "top-hole training ground." We quite agree, but the treatment of the Tommies is a different matter. German prisoners are there now, and we find that a man was actually given confinement to barracks—with all the discomforts that it entails—for not saluting a Hun officer! Again, a few of the men laughed at the German prisoners—the result is that the whole battalion has been put on picket duty. We are, of course, enjoined by the Bible to love our enemies, but it is particularly hard to love the murderous Hun. The D.A.A. and Q.M.G., under whose auspices the Huns are being so considerably treated, bears the name of Kaulbach.

An Unjust Stigma.

Two years ago a Non-commissioned Officer, by mistake, gave free travelling warrants, instead of vouchers, to a couple of officers—the error costing the public the sum of 5s. 6d. He was court-martialled and imprisoned. Subsequently he went to the front and "made good," being recommended on the field for a commission. The recommendation was passed by the Brigadier-General, and endorsed by Sir Douglas Haig, but when it got to the War Office it was cancelled. We like to read of the men who redeem the past, but what will the public think of this episode? It is on all-fours with the treatment of ticket-of-leave men, who are sometimes hunted from job to job by policemen who warn the employers that the unfortunate man, who has purged his offence, has been in gaol!

Fares for Seamen.

Now that the First Lord of the Admiralty has publicly expressed his appreciation of the work of the Merchant Service, cannot he obtain for officers and men some abatement of the railway fares that hit them so hard? Most of them do not have their homes in the port from which they sail, and it is cruel to make them pay so heavily for an occasional sight of wife and children. Let them have that consideration which they have earned a hundred times.

Out of the Tempest.

We suggest that the Officer-in-Charge of H.M.S. *Tempest* should see that his men are paid on the nominated days. Should he look into affairs, he will find that our hint is well warranted. If he cannot get the money to pay his men on the due date, he should make energetic representations to the proper quarter.

The Old Toll-Bridge.

Haslar Camp and Gosport are divided by a narrow strip of water, over which stretches an old toll-bridge. Soldiers are allowed to pass over free, but Jack has to pay a penny each way. Of course the bluejacket is a millionaire, but we cannot make out why this distinction is drawn.

Our Pensions Inquiry Department.

By Our Pensions Expert.

"TOMMY" (Chester).—For total loss of speech the pension is 22s. a week. What would M.P.s say? E. C. (Londonderry).—In respect of the amputation of leg, with short thigh, necessitating a pelvic band, you are, as an N.C.O. class 4, entitled to a pension of 21s. a week. Mrs. J. S. (Hornerton).—I sent your case forward. Like hundreds of others, you did not notify your change of address. I am glad to learn that your claim has been satisfactorily settled. W. W. E. (Four Towns).—The pension due to a warrant officer, class 1, for total loss of sight is 42s. 6d. a week. Mrs. J. E. N. (Finchley).—Your husband having become of unsound mind, his pension will be 27s. 6d. a week. Mrs. S. W. (Pewsey).—An addition of 1s. 3d. a week will be granted to you when you reach the age of 45.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(Registered under the Act of 1916 as "The John Bull War Sufferers Fund")

This Fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses. Our soldiers and sailors are giving their lives for us. Will YOU please help to make less the miseries of "the little things they left behind them"?

Sacrificed to the System.

A man was called to the Army, and broke down in health while training as a recruit. He was discharged, came home, and soon afterwards died of consumption. He left a wife and two children, whose case is under consideration by the War Office, but in the meanwhile they were starving, so the widow came to us, and we did what we could for her.

Killed at Play

The child of a soldier who is in the trenches was playing with some companions at a mine-head, where a dump was burning. The poor youngster's clothing somehow caught fire, and she was burnt to death. As she was uninsured, we responded to the mother's appeal that she should not be given a pauper's funeral.

Bite and Scraps.

A number of men discharged from the Army, with heart disease and similar ailments, and unable to work, came to us for help during the week. We were, naturally, glad to assist.

Thanks.

We thank our readers who responded to our appeal on behalf of the poor woman, with five children, whose soldier-husband committed suicide. The donations sent for her amounted to £20, so she has now every hope of being able to fend for herself.

Saved from the Worst.

The wife of a soldier was in bad health, her state not being improved by the fact that she had to live on the separation allowance of 12s. 6d. She was, indeed, in terrible distress, and had rash thoughts of ending her life. An application was made on her behalf by a very responsible person, and we are glad that it was in our power to improve the poor creature's circumstances.

Waiting for Pension.

A discharged Scottish soldier is suffering from consumption, and his case is being considered by the Minister of Pensions. In the meantime, his wife and children were starving—so we came to the rescue.

Ruined and Thrown Out.

Another soldier was discharged with consumption, and refused a pension. He is unable to work, and has a wife and two children to support on nothing. We acted as we are sure the subscribers to the Fund would desire.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

"Taxi Driver 5272," 1s.; "Canadian," 2s. 6d.; Mrs. T. D., 1s.; A. J., 8s. 6d.; A. J. B. (Birmingham), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. A. L. J., 1s.; M. N. (Durham), 2s. 6d.; T. M. (Glasgow), 2s. 6d.; J. W. G. (Portsmouth), 5s.; C. L. A., 1s.; "Invalid Mother," 1s.; "Anxious" (Salisbury Plain), 1s.; "A Soldier's

Mother), 1s.; T. E. A. (Leamington), 2s. 6d.; W. E. and F. N. (Acton), 1s.; J. D. C. (Lowestoft), 7s.; H. A., 2s. 6d.; E. S. S., 2s. 6d.; "In Memory of George," 5s.; "Fag," 20s.; "A Bathchair Man," 5s.; M. D., 2s.; "Daddy's Boy," 2s. 6d.; "In Memory of Bruce," 2s. 6d.; E. J. H. (Dulston), 2s. 6d.; C. F. W. (B. Grinstead), 2s.; H. B. (New York), 3s.; L. B. (Maur Park), 2s. 6d.; A. G. J. (Shoeburyness), 1s.; W. A. (Southampton), 1s.; "A Salopian" (Proceeds of sale of watch), 2s.; Collection at A.S.C.C., 14s.; "Zig," 10s.; W. S. O. (Edgware), 5s.; F. O. W., 3s.; N. H., 6d.; Mrs. B. H., 10s.; J. S. J., 2s.; J. O., 2s.; J. S. B. (Shampton), 2s. 6d.; "Lenten Savings," 4s.; "Kat's Eye," 2s.; Ceylon Planters' One Day's Pay Fund, 23s.; M. I., 1s.; "Dai Kway," 10s.; "Wellwisher," 5s.; "A Mother," 3d.; C. M. (Bartersea), 5s.; Miss E. G., 2s.; B. L. (Bourne-mouth), 1s. 6d.; L. K., 11d.; "An Old Stradford Resident," 1s.; C. K. E., 10s.; W. T. M., 5s.; Sapper R. E. (Newark), 5s.; F. G., 2s.; "A Soldier's Wife in Chelsea," 2s. 6d.; A. W. (Sandbach), 1s. 6d.; R. W. R., 7s. 6d.; "Merchant Service," 2s.; "Old and Florence," 3s.; J. F. (Elland), 1s.; "Old Bill," 1s.; P. S. B. K., 5s. 4d.; W. E. T. (Brixton), 1s.; W. F. K. (Tapsley), 2s. 6d.; "Colonial Subaltern," 11s. 10d.; "Dorothy," 3s.; G. M. (Mountain Ash), 2s. 6d.; M. W. (Baling), 2s.; M. A. B., 1s.; Miss G. (Glasgow), 7d.; Amazon Telegraph Co., Ltd. (Manaos), 21s. 6d.; A. J. C., 6d.; S. P. (Dudley), 8s. 6d.; G. G. (Lincoln), 1s.; H. G., 1s.; G. M., 6d.; "Victoria," 6d.; L. H. (Liverpool), 6d.; "Ivy May," 3s.; "Ex-33,300," 6d.; M. M. (Canada), 11s. 4d.; W. H. J. S. (Sheffield), 10d.; Crew of s.s. *Kurumba* (per R. F.), 10s. 6d.; X.Y.Z., 5s. 3d.; A. W. M. (Yorks), 1s.; Result of Vegetable and Fruit Sale (per J. M. H.), £2 2s.; Anon., 1d.; C. R. (S. Hermitage), £9; Gertie, Officers and Crew of s.s. *Hermitage*, £9; R. G., 2s. 6d.; "In Memo. P.W. 21.4.11," 1s.; Mrs. H. (Leyton), 1s.; M. W. (Gloucester), 1s.; "Hard Case," 1s.; Mrs. J. R., 2s. 6d.; J. A. (Bolton), 1s.; Mrs. J. R., 2s. 6d.; (parcel), A. B. (Balham Hill), 1s. 3d.; "Clara," (Paignton), 2s. 6d.; "34185's Girl," 1s.; G. N. (Liverpool), 2s. 6d.; Weekly J. F., 6d.; J. B. K. (Glasgow), 2s. 6d.; Collection, C. P. S. (Woolwich Arsenal), 10s. (A number of acknowledgments are unavoidably held over till next week).

HOW HOSPITALS TREAT CATARRH AND DEAFNESS.

SOME GOOD COMMON-SENSE ADVICE TO CHRONIC SUFFERERS.

By ALICE LANDELS, Certified Nurse.

As a direct result of the heavy and heat-producing winter diet, nasal, throat, stomach or intestinal catarrh, bowel congestion, "liverishness," biliousness, dyspepsia, irritability and languor are especially prevalent at this season. Even slight catarrhal inflammation and mucous will frequently close the Eustachian tubes, which connect the inner ear with the throat, and this stoppage causes "head noises," headaches, insomnia and nervous troubles. The ears often hum, sing or buzz, exactly as when the outer atmospheric pressure is stopped by holding the hands tightly to them. (Try this.) Next, mucous accumulates in the tympanic cavity, and, if long neglected, temporary or even permanent complete deafness may result. To immediately correct any form of catarrh, try the marvellous solvent and eliminative properties of ordinary *alkali saltrates*, the refined deposits of certain natural curative medicinal waters, well known amongst physicians, and obtainable at small cost from any chemist. The usually prescribed dose is one level teaspoonful dissolved in a tumbler of water, taken daily. The pleasant-tasting and blood-purifying saltrated water quickly stimulates even the most torpid liver, flushes out clogged kidneys, and cleanses all impurities from the entire system, with the result that any trace of catarrhal deafness, mucous accumulation, or similar symptoms must surely and permanently disappear within a very few days.—A. L.

For Intestinal Disorders use Kalsel.—Advtr.

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No matter how long you have to remain on your feet, how hard you work, or how long you drill—TIZ always brings you restful foot comfort.

After using TIZ, no more corns, hard skin, bunions, or raw spots. No more chafing of heavy boots, no more limping with pain. TIZ is magical, acts right off. TIZ draws out all the poisonous exudations which puff up the feet—the only remedy that does. Use TIZ and you'll be surprised how comfortable your feet will feel. TIZ is a delight, TIZ is harmless.

Get a 1/1½ box of TIZ now at any chemist's or stores. Don't suffer. Have good feet, feet that never swell, never hurt, never get tired. And don't forget that a box of TIZ is always welcome to the boys at the Front.



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the
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SPEARMINT **CHEWING GUM.**

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It is recommended by leading Doctors, and is supplied to the Red Cross for use in Hospitals. It has been praised in Dental Circles as being excellent for the teeth—strengthening and keeping them white and glistening. It is also a powerful aid to digestion. Make Chewing a daily practice, which will benefit your health and help you to forget the heavy meals of pre-war days.

Sold by all Confectioners, Tobacconists, Y.M.C.A. Huts, Government Canteens and Chemists (including all branches of Boots' Cash Chemists and Taylor's Drug Co., Ltd.).

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1,000,000 "HARLENE HAIR-DRILL" OUTFITS FREE.

NEVER has there been such a popular triumph for "Harlene Hair-Drill" as revealed by the great avalanche of testimony from Britain's most beautiful women.

One of the firmest adherents to this simple yet scientific method of keeping hair beautiful is Miss Phyllis Dare, the dainty and charming Musical Comedy Actress, whose talent has delighted millions of people throughout this country.

MISS PHYLLIS DARE'S ADVICE.

In a charming letter to the Proprietors of "Harlene," Miss Phyllis Dare says:—

"Will you be good enough to send me a further supply of 'Harlene' at the earliest possible moment?"

"I am more than gratified with the unfailing good results of 'Hair-Drill,' and this opinion is shared by many of my friends."

"It is, indeed, a pleasure for me to add my evidence to that of thousands of others. I feel confident that beautiful hair is only a matter of careful attention, and the correct attention is undoubtedly 'Harlene Hair-Drill.'—Yours sincerely (signed), PHYLLIS DARE."



Photo.] MISS PHYLLIS DARE. [Miss Martin. The charming exponent of Musical Comedy whose interesting letter is reproduced here. All who desire hair beauty should fill in and post the Free Gift Coupon below.

It is open to everyone who desires hair health and beauty to test the "Harlene Hair-Drill" method free.

Simply send the coupon at the end of this announcement, and at once you can commence TO PROVE FOR YOURSELF, in a few delightful moments each morning, how easily and conveniently you can overcome every hair trouble.

1. Do you notice powdery dust when brushing?
2. Do you notice split hairs in the comb?
3. Is your hair difficult to dress?
4. Is your hair dull, lank and lifeless?
5. Is your hair too dry or too greasy?

There is no reason why any woman, just as the most beautiful of our actresses, should not possess masses of waving tresses. Men, too, will find they can add to their smart appearance by following the "Harlene Hair-Drill" method.

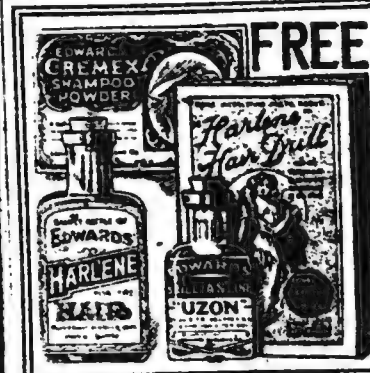
THIS IS YOUR FOUR-FOLD GIFT.

Send the form below and you will receive:—

1. A Bottle of "Harlene," the true liquid food for the hair, which stimulates it to new growth.
2. A packet of the marvellous hair and scalp cleansing "Cremex" Shampoo Powder, which prepares the head for "Hair-Drill."
3. A Bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine, which gives a final touch of beauty to the hair, and is especially beneficial to those whose scalp is inclined to be "dry."
4. A copy of the new edition of the "Hair-Drill" Manual giving complete instructions.

You will be able to obtain supplies of "Harlene" from your chemist at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., or 4s. 9d. per bottle. (In solidified form, for Soldiers, Sailors, Travellers, etc., in tins at 2s. 9d., with full directions as to use.) "Uzon" Brilliantine costs 1s. and 2s. 6d. per bottle, and "Cremex" Shampoo Powders, 2d. each, or 1s. per box of seven shampoos.

Or post free on receipt of price direct from Edwards' Harlene, Limited, 20, 22, 24 and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1. Carriage extra on foreign orders. Cheques and P.O.s should be crossed.



FREE GIFT COUPON

Fill in and post to EDWARDS' HARLENE, Ltd., 20, 22, 24 and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me your Free "Harlene" Four-fold Hair-growing Outfit, as described above. I enclose 4d. in stamps to cover cost of postage to any part of the world (Foreign stamps accepted).

NAME

ADDRESS

JOHN BULL, 12.5.17.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance. LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 53, Long Acre, W.C.2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters. FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL and SPORTING inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and except in the case of the last-named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. Full names and addresses should be given.

A. F. D. (Ramsgate).—The best service Uncle Sam can render us for the next few months is to send us food and make arrangements to see we get it.

E. M. K. (Ealing).—Your meaning is clear enough, but it is not quite true to say that we "do not care a jot what people think." As a matter of fact, we spend the best part of our time in trying to get them to think the right things.

J. H. (Bolton).—Agreed that our reprisals against the Huns should take the form of not only "ton for ton," but also "town for town." Moreover, if the food shortage becomes more marked, we must give them "tum for tum."

"IRISH-BORN AUSTRALIAN SOLDIER" (Bayswater).—"I visited my own land (Ireland) a few weeks ago, and regret to say it is sadly different from what I left it as a boy." We never yet knew a place that wasn't.

"STOCKTONIAN."—If you will send us your name and address we will put you right on the alleged inconsistency between our two paragraphs, "The Premier's Plan" and "The General Election." Meanwhile, read them again.

PRIVATE W. L. (Ballymeena).—Sorry to hear of your local parson who begrudges a tot of rum to the boys at the Front. He is evidently a Ballymeenian.

H. W. J. T. (Forest Hill, S.E.).—Your accusation of "maudlin loyalty" has not caused us to flutter an eyelash. God save the King!

A. B. (Southwark, S.E.).—"To oppress the poor and helpless is a crime against Almighty God." That's a good enough statement of practical religion for any Bishop on the Bench.

"SERGEANT" (Seaford).—"In our mess we get potatoes for breakfast as well as dinner. There's a glut of them." When may we breakfast and dine with you?

P. H. (Harpurhey).—We shall doubtless "get back to Westminster" one of these days.

"VEGETARIAN" (London).—"At the present moment greengrocers find it very hard to keep their shops open." And there will be compulsory rations because many people who are not greengrocers find it hard to keep their mouths shut.

"FAIRPLAY" (Bournemouth).—We have read the book. It is preposterous to pretend that the victory of Britain over the Germhuns depends on the victory of the pumpuritans over Britain.

J. B. (Holloway) asks us: "Are you aware 50 tons of spuds went to the Germhuns at Alexandra Palace on Thursday, April 12th?" They ought to have been 50 tons of thistles.

E. W. T. (Hampstead) suggests that we should change our title to "Jonathan Bull" out of compliment to our new Ally. More reasonable to ask us to alter it to "Jean Bull" out of compliment to the French, alongside whom we have fought for nearly three years.

G. B. (Highgate Hill, N.).—We have not been to the Leicester Galleries to see the Epstein Venus. A back view of the Velasquez Venus at the National Gallery was sufficient for us.

F. N. (Mollington).—"You made only one mistake in your paper." Then we were in luck.

E. O. J. (Burslem).—The keeper of your town-hall "also carries the mace," being "so very useful" (according to Ald. Robinson) "that he would be very difficult to replace." If he dropped the mace on some alderman's head, there would be a hollow sound.

G. P. (Cricklewood).—Your statement that "peacocks do not lay eggs" is biologically indisputable, but between ourselves, dear lady, we shouldn't care a split pea if they did.

M. M. (Whithorn).—"How old was Adam when he began to be?" When Eve appeared, Adam discovered he was more than 7.

"FOUR VOLUNTEER CONSCRIPTS" (Milnrow).—"Exempted men under 41 have to join the V.T.C., which means drilling 14 hours or more per month." Do it with a good heart and don't grumble. Men in France are fighting 14 hours per day—and more!

"READER" (No address).—"When writing your 'Letter Bag,' Mr. JOHN BULL, it's quite plain your readers you don't try to gull; You hit on the nail, they can like it or lump it, You jolly soon settle a chap on the crumpet. . . ." True, O poet!

"SCRIBBLE" (Brighton).—Probably the reason some soldiers' wives "only get 12s. 6d. a week to pay all expenses" is that the Government do not wish them to eat too much.

Mrs. A. A. (New Southgate).—Thanks for Easter card from your son imprisoned at Döberitz.

"GEO." (Southampton) beseeches us to "put something in about the working man's beer." We will. The working man's beer is thin and dear—and there isn't much of it.

Miss E. M. L. (Hanwell).—"A munition worker, I want to know why, after being promised our holiday money at Easter, we did not get it." Perhaps the Government have used up all the War Loan.

"A CONSTANT READER" (Hampstead) asks if we are "fomenting a revolution" that we suggest the inclusion of Asquith and Churchill in a new Government. We must have notice of that question.

"CANADIAN" (Brixton).—We are at a loss to know why Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein should have been selected to open a new hut for the Canadians at their Forestry Camp. Perhaps no princess with a name less like a sneeze was available.

R. G. (near Blackburn).—We note that you can spend all that you earn in less than eight hours. Some folks could never earn what they spend in half that time.

K. (Sheffield).—"A wounded soldier in church, in a free seat, was turned out of it by a lawyer, who said it was his seat." Should like somebody to attend to the lawyer's seat.

W. S. (Lister).—The person (or persons) who is sending out that postcard to women widowed by the Hampshire disaster, asserting that their husbands are safe as prisoners in Germhuny, ought to be locked up.

"CONSTANT READER" (Sutton Veny).—We still say "Watch Austria." We do not agree with your clergyman friend's definition of a pessimist as one who looks farther than the optimist. Pessimism, in our opinion, is either mental myopia or sluggish liver.

"INDIGNANT TRAINED NURSES" (Fullham).—Regarding that glad eye given to Germhuns leaving hospital, "We, as trained temporary staff nurses, wish it publicly known that we are not guilty of any such conduct." It is, therefore, now publicly known.

"SUBMARINE" (Edinburgh).—Although you have favoured the Admiralty with suggestions on the subject indicated by what you call your "non de plum," they don't seem to care a damson for your ideas. No wonder you are left with the "pip."

L. W. (Beckenham).—"Having composed this little poem, my friends advised me to send it to you." Your friends evidently are no friends of ours.

G. W. (H.M.S. —).—You are in the Navy; one brother is in the Army. We are sorry another brother is in Princetown—it is a great pity an otherwise good man should make such an error.

Miss URQUART (Manor House, Sycamore Grove, New Malden).—Sorry that we know nothing of "the ways and means of sending flowers" for your brother's grave in France. Some of our readers may.

A. C. P. M. (Liverpool).—The Lymington lady who advertises for a disabled officer, unmarried, "for the duration," offering him £1 a week and two furnished rooms in a cottage, for looking after an oil engine, etc., is either a cynical humorist, or—well, let it go at that.

Mrs. A. M. C. (Kingsbridge).—We suppose the public have grown so accustomed to the bravery of our women that no mention was made in the papers of the heroism of the nursing staff of H.M.I.S. Asturias, whom you had the honour of aiding.

C. M. (Woburn Sands).—We are sorry to hear that, by means of a privately circulated subscription list, the man William Kent was enabled to pay the fine of £50 inflicted upon him for surreptitiously supplying 50 loaves to Germhun prisoners, and thus saved from the richly-deserved ignominy of "doing time."

RFM. G. E. H. — Cannot say definitely when "White Wings they never grow Weary" was sung the first time. Probably about 30 years ago—but we hope it has been sung the last.

T. L. (Eaton Bishop).—You cannot convince us that any single youth of 18 is indispensable to any trade. The fact is that large numbers of selfish farmers have set their faces against substitution.

C. H. (Clapham).—Try again with a JOHN BULL Pen, and then no doubt we shall be able to read what you write.

"GELLIWOG" (Hastings).—"Don't forget it—you and I are keeping a damn lot of German parasites out of our pockets." We remember it in our prayers every night and morning.

"INDIGNANT" (Staines).—Very indiscreet, not to say unpatriotic, of your local religious lights to present your children with Easter cards "printed in Bavaria." It is a stain upon Staines.

"A WELL WISHER."—"Can you tell me what we are to have in place of meat when we cannot get vegetables. We can't have rice and such like without sugar." Looks as though we shall presently have to put up with the smell of an oil rag, or learn the Nebuchadnezzar act.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

FIRST PRIZE BULLETS' HUGE

£500

FOR THIS WEEK ONLY

1ST. PRIZE FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS FOR THIS WEEK ONLY

A further Coupon for this week's Competition will be found on the opposite page.

No. _____		Closing Date, Thursday, May 17th.	
Example Bullet _____			
Example Bullet _____			
(237) P.O. No. _____		Signed _____	
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.		Address _____	
If one coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.			

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 237, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2
Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope.

No. _____		Closing Date, Thursday, May 17th.	
Example Bullet _____			
Example Bullet _____			
(237) P.O. No. _____		Signed _____	
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.		Address _____	
If two coupons are used P.O. for 1s. must be sent.			

No. _____		Closing Date, Thursday, May 17th.	
Example Bullet _____			
Example Bullet _____			
(237) P.O. No. _____		Signed _____	
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.		Address _____	
If 3 coupons are used P.O. for 1/6 must be sent.			

SPECIAL RULE. In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for Next Week's "Bullets" Competition No. 238. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, MAY 24th. Please note that all coupons so used MUST be clearly marked with the number 238 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons MUST be addressed "Bullets" No. 238, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such coupons MUST NOT contain any of the Thirty Examples for the present week's competition.

Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 238.

WHEN HINDENBURG RETIRES
PAID BACK
SPOILING HIS PLAN
SHOCKS FATHER
A RESTLESS NIGHT

UPSIDE DOWN
A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT
EVADING SERVICE
LOVING ANOTHER
LOSING HIS WAY

LORD DEVONPORT
MAKING IT UNPLEASANT
PETTICOAT INFLUENCE
HAVING HIS FILL
DECEIVING GERMANY

THE RIGHT MAN
GETTING HOT
A GOOD TIP
FAMILY GATHERING
WHAT THE KAISER KNOWS

BULLETS RULES. 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.
2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two at-

tempts may be written on each coupon.
3. All four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to

JOHN BULL and crossed and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on

each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 237.

THE BRITISH LION
NAILING HINDENBURG
CHARGING BY INSTALMENTS
HITTING THE MARK
DEAR SMOXES
THE LATEST TAX
AMERICA'S START
COMING IN USEFUL
TOMMY THINKS
HOW MONEY GOES
DOING HER BIT
GERMANS AT SEA
BREAKING UP
SELDON FOUND OUT
FORTY WINKS
GETTING FAT
A PRESSING ENGAGEMENT
SHY MISS
THE LATEST ATROCITY
FATHER LIKES
A FASHIONABLE HABIT
FRENCH LEAVE
THE ALLIED POWERS
POLICEMAN'S WHISTLE
SOMETHING WRONG WHEN
TAKEN TO HEART
FINAL HEAT
PINT OF BEER
SUCCESSFUL MOVE
THE KAISER EXPECTS

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the 30 examples given above. Then give TWO, THREE or FOUR words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any ONE of the words selected must begin with ANY letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

These examples will guide you:—
Example:—TAKEN TO HEART.
Bullet:—TOMMY'S LETTER, BY SWEET-HEART.

Example:—SOMETHING WRONG WHEN.
Bullet:—BOY CAN'T EAT.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated June 2nd.

This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in EVERYWOMAN's dated May 12th.

RESULT OF "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 234 APPEARS ON OPPOSITE PAGE.

Complete List of all Prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

MAY 12TH, 1917.

WH

FOR

3RD PR

£10

Result of 2

FIRST

Mr. R. H. BEE

Example:—

Bullet:—AL

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Mr. L. TOY

Example:—

Bullet:—FR

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Mr. R. WARD

Example:—

Bullet:—ON

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FOR THIS WEEK ONLY

3RD PRIZE £10	1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6	2,000 SPECIAL TARGET PRIZES.	2,000 OTHER HANDSOME PRIZES.
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FIRST PRIZE

£500

Result of 234th 'Bullets' Competition.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:—

Mr. R. M. BEE, 65, Summering Road, Hull.

Example:—ALARMING THE KAISER.
Bullet:—ALLIES "HOLDING HIM" RESPONSIBLE.

SECOND PRIZE OF £25:—

Mr. L. TOY, H.M. Gunwharf, Portsmouth.

Example:—SUPPLYING MUNITIONS.
Bullet:—FRITZ SURRENDERS TO AVOID.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:—

Mr. R. WARD, 11, Conway St., Higher Broughton, Manch'r.

Example:—AFTER WORK.
Bullet:—ONLY TIME HAIG RETIRES.

TEN PRIZES OF £5 EACH:—

Mrs. A. NEAL, 1, Bury Villas, Bexley Heath, Kent:
ALARMING THE KAISER—THE "RECOVERY" OF FRANCE
Mr. HENRY RODGERS, 70, Main St., St. Bees, Cumberland:
SUPPLYING MUNITIONS—AMERICA'S "COMING IN"
USEFUL.

Mr. H. D. BENNING, 39, Poland Street, London, W.1:
A BIG SUCCESS—PUTTING BEST "IN CHARGE."

Mr. S. J. LLOYD, 74, Suffolk Place, Porthcawl:
ALARMING THE KAISER—INSUFFICIENT FOR "THE DAY."

Mr. A. WINN, Belmont Road, Upper Parkstone, Dorset:
RUDE AWAKENING—AWAITS INVESTORS, GERMANY'S
LOANS.

Mr. J. W. EDDISON, 1, Albert St., Brierfield, nr. Burnley:
SUPPLYING MUNITIONS—"INDISPENSABLE" FOR
SAFETY.

Mr. W. IRELES, 44, Clarence Road, Chesterfield:
GETTING STALE—THEN COMEDY LABELLED REVUE.
Mrs. ELIZA DRESSNER, 40, Beulah Hill, Up. Norwood, S.E. 1:
PEACE AT ANY MOMENT—CUTHBERT'S ONLY CHANCE NOW.
Mrs. F. GOODMAN, White House, Baildon, near Bradford:
WORKING ON ALLOTMENT—EXERCISES EVERY-
THING, INCLUDING PATIENCE.

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:—

Mr. H. SLATER, 19, Springfield, Lower Crumpsall, M.C.1:
ALARMING THE KAISER—"CONTRIBUTIONS" TO
HIS HOSPITALS.

Mr. M. RAWLINSON, 23, St. Margaret's Rd., S. Tottenham:
WORKING ON ALLOTMENT—OPPORTUNITY FOR REVUE
PRODUCER.

Mr. H. BRIGHT, 4, Commercial St., Newtown, Mont.:
SUPPLYING MUNITIONS—FORTUNES OUT OF MIS-
FORTUNES.

Mr. W. FEENEY, 28, Chamberlain St., Londonderry:
SUPPLYING MUNITIONS—HEROINES OF "MODERN
WORKS."

Mr. W. ROBERTS, 29, Craven Street, Birkenhead:
A BIG SUCCESS—IRISH NEGOTIATIONS SELDOM.

Mr. W. LANGE, Southampton St. South Flamborough:
RUDE AWAKENING—PAY-DAY AFTER HOLIDAY.

Mr. R. H. THEAKSTON, 22, Brook Terrace, Darlington:
OUR OFFICE BOY—OFTEN "COMES BEFORE" MANAGER.

Mr. W. S. WAY, Tyl Bryn, Nethem, Mertham:
STANDING JOKE—AMONG NATIONS—GERMANY'S
WIRELESS.

Mr. J. CARLUTHERS, 7, Grange View, Camforth:
UP TO SCRATCH—THE KAISER—ALL "ENGAGEMENTS."

Mr. R. LAWS, Old Mill, Mill Road, Dowsbury, Yorks.:
A PUT-UP JOB—PACIFISTS "NO INDEMNITY"
CAMPAIGN.

No.

Closing Date, Thursday, May 17th.

Example

Bullet

Example

Bullet

(237) P.O. No.

Signed

Address

I agree to enter this Competition
in accordance with the rules and
conditions announced below.

If four coupons are used P.O. for 2s. must be sent.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL of specified dates, bearing on the cover any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims:—

C. H. PARTRIDGE, 18, Lindore Road, Battersea

Rise, Clapham, S.W.11. April 21st. 381,584

Mrs. M. COUGHLANDS, 63, Maryland's Road,

Harrow Road, Paddington, W. April 7th. 300,257.

JOHN TYRE, 13, Eglinton Road, Ardrossan, Ayr-

shire. April 14th. 012,553.

JAMES A. PRIESTLEY, 74, Caldecotes Avenue,

Barthills, Leeds. April 21st. A074,236.

PEARSON CHAMBERS, 193, Earle Road, Liver-

pool. April 21st. 368,677.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue

of May 5th:—

20,152 283,170 623,170 907,597 A228,474

58,758 302,358 651,556 936,226 A277,166

79,201 346,720 094,212 975,186 A299,017

91,597 439,294 700,402 A014,983 A326,083

04,955 458,161 735,619 A057,525 A358,229

35,386 473,108 765,803 A061,687 A391,825

82,459 499,359 796,427 A098,207 A435,779

90,363 526,438 824,940 A135,694 A480,964

26,505 563,365 852,147 A187,888 A542,244

44,148 587,246 881,034 A207,512 A559,012

The A prefix indicates that it is plus a million.

The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be

announced in our next issue (published May 16th).

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of 'JOHN BULL' for May 5, 1917, bearing on the Covers the Numbers 645,078 and A001,216. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE

The full conditions governing this scheme are published in previous editions of JOHN BULL, and will appear in future in the first issue of each month.

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any person (man, woman or child) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of

£200

Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled

£100

Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding
Loss of one quarter's rent during re-building of damaged home, up to
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to

£350

£25

£10

TO AVOID FILLING UP REGISTRATION FORM WEEKLY.

You may if you are a regular and continuous reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this coupon and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the Benefits of the scheme, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

To BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

Please deliver TO..... Newsagent.
JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed

May 12, 1917. Address

NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to be insured must fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form, you must fill in clause (a) of the Registration Form below, and forward it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

REGISTRATION FORM.

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT. JOHN BULL, Long Acre, W.C. 2.

(a) Placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

This is to notify that I have this day—

(Strike out one of these.)

May 12, 1917.

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee

Address

Signature of Insured

(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address of Home

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.

"Cast not a clout till May be out"

and never discard woollen next-to-the-skin garments. For sure immunity from chills or over-heating you cannot do better than wear the pure all-wool garments with the delightful silky finish which bear the Jason trade mark, this Spring and Summer.

"Jason"
UNSHRINKABLE
UNDERWEAR

Garments of shapely cut, in all sizes and styles for Men, Ladies and Children—close, perfect fitting; non-rucking; standing frequent washings without losing their shape—"Jason" will delight every member of the family.

Infants' Pure White Wear, medium weight, in dainty designs.

"Jason" Jerseys for the children—splendid in wear, comfort and appearance.

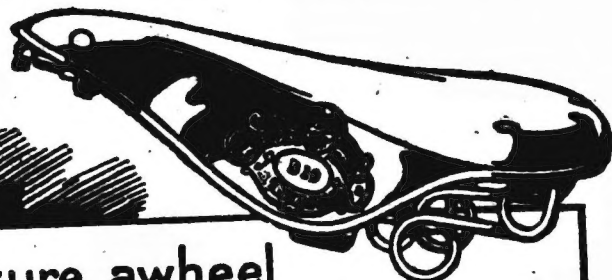
Of Drapers, Hosiers, Ladies' and Men's Outfitters everywhere.

In case of difficulty write to
JASON UNDERWEAR CO.
LEICESTER.



New
"Olympic"
Brand

Owing to the high prices of the yarns from which "Jason" All-wool goods are made, the manufacturers have introduced temporarily lower lines containing a percentage of cotton—bearing otherwise the same guarantee of quality as the regular line. Your dealer will supply you.



Pleasure a wheel depends always upon comfort and such comfort as the

BROOKS
insures makes pleasure perfect.
— Ask for the BROOKS BOOK —
J.B. BROOKS & CO. LTD. 92 CRITERION WORKS BIRMINGHAM.

THE VERY LATEST BADGE BROOCHES OF THE BRITISH NAVY & ARMY

A Remarkable Production. Enamelled in the correct Heraldic Colours of the Ships' and Regimental Crests.

500 Designs are ready, which include almost every regiment in the British Army, Colonials, Territorials, Yeomanry, etc., also about 200 designs of the Ships of H. M. Fleet.

Crests not already in our List can be made to order—sketches submitted free. Write for full particulars.

BOTLY & LEWIS,

Manufacturing Jewellers, etc.
(Established a Century).

Actual Manufacturers. Wholesale Trade Supplied.

25, KING STREET, READING.

Send for our Illustrated Booklet, post free. 'PHONE 172



An unique production in Solid Silver, fine enamel finish (as illustration) (In velvet-lined box.)

15-ct. Gold mounted on Bar... 42/-
9-ct. " " " " " 21/-
9-ct. " " on Safety Pin 12/6
Gilt Enamel " " " 1/-

(Each enclosed in suitable case.)
POST FREE ANYWHERE.

The "Password" to Better Lighting

is
MAZDA



A password in the Army is continually changing—it is never twice the same. The fact that it changes is the very reason that it means protection.



The password to Better Lighting never changes. It is always Mazda. The fact that it never changes is **your** protection. You can never go wrong in your lighting if you look for the password Mazda on every lamp you instal.

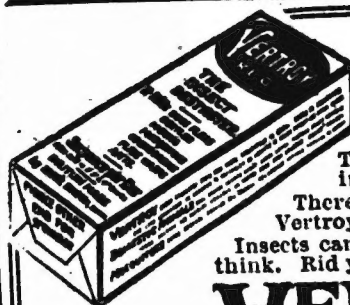
Sold by all Electricians, Ironmongers and Stores.

The British Thomson-Houston Co., Ltd.,

Mazda House, 77, Upper Thames Street, London. E.C. 4.

Branches:—Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, Sheffield, Newcastle, Middlesbrough, Glasgow, Swansea, Cardiff & Dublin.

T 29



The "Insect-kill-joy"

The end of all things temporal for insects is in the blue packet of Vertroy Vermin Killer. There's no partial disablement effect about Vertroy—it's "sure death," always. Insects carry more germs about than most people think. Rid your house of this danger by using

VERTROY
Vermine Killer

Vertroy is put up in handy sprinkler package.

Go to your chemist and get a package to-day. Sprinkle a little Vertroy in all the places beloved of insects and—annihilate them. Vertroy is a sweet-smelling powder, and is perfectly harmless to everything except insects.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores

in 3d., 6d., 1/-, and larger Boxes. If you cannot obtain Vertroy locally send us a 1/- P.O. for the large box—post free.

W. EDGE & SONS, Ltd., Bolton, Lancs.

WHITELEY'S KILDARE CLUB CYCLES

IMMEDIATE DELIVERY FROM STOCK.
EVERY CYCLE FULLY GUARANTEED.

£5 12 6 OR 12 MONTHLY
PAYMENTS OF 9/5

Carriage Paid to Your Door. A Year's Credit without Charge.

Write for Catalogue and mention "John Bull."

WM. WHITELEY LTD., Queen's Rd., London, W.